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HARPER'S STORY BOOKS

No. 9.

TIMBOO AND FANNY



AUGUST, 1855.

PRICE 25 Cts

HARPER & BROTHERS

FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y.

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DOLPHIN TAKING CARE OF THE CHILDREN.

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HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.

A SERIES OF NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, BIOGRAPHIES, AND TALES,
FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT
OF THE YOUNG.

BY

JACOB ABBOTT.

Embellished with

NUMEROUS AND BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.



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T I M B O O

AND

F A N N Y ;

OR,

THE ART OF SELF-INSTRUCTION.

Abbott, Jacob



NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS. PUBLISHERS



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P R E F A C E.

As it is probable that many of the readers of this volume of the Story Books may not have read the one entitled TIMBOO AND JOLIBA, I ought here to state for their benefit that Timboo was a South Sea Island boy, that was brought to this country by a sea-captain about two years before the time when this story commences. After sailing about the world with the sea-captain for several years, he left him at last in New York, and went up the North River in search of some employment on land. He soon engaged himself to work for a gentleman named Cheveril, who lived near a pleasant village on the river, where there were four children. Their names were Oscar, Carroll, Mark, and Fanny. Fanny was the youngest.

Here Timboo taught himself to read, and he also taught Fanny.

Timboo had a room at Mr. Cheveril's in the end of a shed. This room he had fitted up for himself; and though it was very rough in all its appointments, he had made it quite a pleasant place, and the children liked very much to go there.

All these things are explained in detail in the Story Book entitled TIMBOO AND JOLIBA.

Joliba was Timboo's parrot.

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TIMBOO AND FANNY.

CHAPTER I.

MARK.

Mark in the wood-shed.

Fanny's picture.

Mark wants to see it.

ONE morning, early in the spring, Fanny, with a paper in her hand, came out through an open shed, where her brother Mark was busily employed trying to split a log with beetle and wedges.

Mark asked her where she was going.

"I am going to find Timboo," said she.

"What do you want of Timboo?" asked Mark.

"I want him to tell me what this picture means," said Fanny.

So saying, Fanny held up the piece of paper which she had in her hand, though she was yet too far from Mark for him to reach it.

"Bring it here," said Mark, extending his hand. "I'll tell you what it means."

"No," said Fanny, "you don't know."

Fanny held the picture behind her, as if she were afraid that Mark would take it away from her.

She *was* afraid, indeed, that he would take it away from her.

"Come and show it to me," said Mark. "I'll give it back to you as soon as I have seen it."

Mark makes a promise.Fanny shows the picture to him.

“No,” said Fanny.

“I really will give it back to you,” said Mark, “just as quick as I have seen it. I will, upon my honor.”

Fanny at last allowed herself to be persuaded, and, relying on Mark’s promise, she brought the picture forward and put it into his hand. It was this :



SCRAMBLING OUT.

“It is only a picture of some boys in a swimming,” said Mark. “Some of them are scrambling out, and running up the bank as fast as they can.”

“And what are they scrambling out for?” asked Fanny.

“I don’t know exactly,” replied Mark. “Let me see.” So he

Fanny can not get her picture again.

Mark doing wrong.

stood gazing at the picture very intently, and wondering what it could mean.

“There is a *man* running too,” said Mark.

“Yes,” said Fanny.

“And a horse,” said Mark.

“Yes,” said Fanny; “but what does it mean?”

“Why, you see,” said Mark, “I suppose that that horse is running away, and the boys are scrambling out of the water to run and help the man catch him.”

Fanny looked over Mark as he spoke, but she was not quite satisfied with the explanation.

“No,” said she, “I don’t believe that is it. Besides, I knew you could not explain it to me. I am going to show it to Timboo.”

So Fanny attempted to take the picture, but Mark turned away from her with it, in order to look at it a little longer.

“Give it to me,” said Fanny, in a complaining tone. “You promised to give it to me as soon as you had looked at it.”

“No,” replied Mark, “I promised to give it to you as soon as I had explained it to you, and I have not finished explaining it to you yet. Here is something over the other side of the water that I have not had time to see.”

So Mark began walking away from Fanny, turning to one side and the other to avoid her as she followed him, in order to get a longer time to look at the picture.

He acted very wrong in so doing. He had promised to give the picture back to his sister as soon as he had explained it to her,

 Mark's course was foolish as well as wrong.

Fanny's threat.

Prudence.

meaning by that as soon as he had had time to look at it, and express his opinion of the meaning of it. Besides, independently of that promise, he was bound to give it back at once, for it belonged to Fanny, and every one has a right to the possession of their own property whenever they call for it, whether there is any promise or not, unless they have positively agreed to give it up for a time to others for a consideration.

Mark acted very foolishly also, as well as wrong, in doing thus. Whenever we make any difficulty or delay in returning the property of others which they have intrusted to us, we only make them unwilling to intrust their property to us again. The reason why Fanny had been so reluctant to allow Mark to look at her picture was because she knew, from former experience, that if he once got it into his hands, she might have some difficulty in recovering it.

“Mark!” said Fanny, in a very severe tone, “if you don’t give me back my picture immediately, I shall go directly and tell Prudence.”

CHAPTER II.

PRUDENCE.

PRUDENCE was the girl who lived at Mr. Cheveril’s. On the opposite page is a picture of her, going with Mark to market. She has a basket in her hand in which to carry home her marketing. She has stopped to look at a bird in a cage which Mark is pointing out to her.

Prudence was a very good girl, and she was always very kind

Picture of Prudence going to market.

to the children. When she was satisfied with their behavior, she would often give them milk to drink if they were thirsty, and pieces



PRUDENCE.

The crow in the cage at the provision-store.

of bread and butter, and cake, if they were hungry. Then, besides, she could tell very interesting stories to them about what she did when she was a child on her father's farm.

So Mark and Fanny liked Prudence very much, and they took great pains to please her. She would often take one of them with her when she went to market. The market was a sort of provision-store in a by-street of the village. There was a bench outside the door, where the market-man kept his vegetables. Over the bench was a cage with a bird in it. This bird was a crow, which a boy had caught in the woods when it was young, and had sold it to the market-man. The market-man had put it in a cage, and had kept it till it had grown up. He usually kept this cage hung against the wall of his market-house, just outside the door.

Mark liked very much indeed to go with Prudence when she went to market. He liked particularly to see the crow.

"It is a very pretty bird," said he to Prudence, pointing to the crow.

"Yes," said Prudence.

"But I don't think it is nearly as pretty as Timboo's Joliba," said Mark.

"Oh no," said Prudence. "I never saw any bird that was as pretty as Timboo's Joliba."

Joliba was Timboo's parrot.

When Mark heard Fanny threaten that she would go and tell Prudence, in the conversation related in the last chapter, he at once gave up the contest, and delivered the picture back into her hand.

It is more noble to do right voluntarily than by compulsion.Timboo's lodge.

How much more noble it is for a boy to do right of his own accord, from the influence of an inward principle of duty, than to be driven to it by a selfish fear!

CHAPTER III.

THE LODGE.

TIMBOO called his room the lodge. I don't know exactly why.

The room was in the end of a shed, and it was very rudely finished and furnished. Timboo had, in fact, made the room himself, and he had also made nearly all the furniture that there was in it. The room had a very attractive appearance, however, and there was every thing in it that was required for Timboo's use and enjoyment. There was a large window on the south side, where the sun came in very pleasantly, and made it warm even in cool weather. Besides, there was a little stove in one corner, where Timboo could have a fire whenever he wished for one.

Timboo had pictures hung up about the walls of his room. Some of these pictures he had drawn himself, with pen and ink. For frames, he had, in some cases, pasted strips of blue paper all around the margin of them, which had a very pretty effect as they hung upon the walls of his lodge. Some of the larger ones had frames made by means of *border-paper*. This border-paper was some that the children had found in the garret. It had been left over in papering a room in the house. These border-papers sometimes make very pretty frames for pictures that are to be put up in such a room as Timboo's lodge.

Timboo's garden-seeds.Why Fanny did not like to go to school.

When Fanny went into the lodge, she found Timboo sitting at a large table, near the sunny window, arranging garden-seeds.

"What are you doing, Timboo?" said Fanny.

"I am getting out the garden-seeds," said Timboo, "and arranging them, so as to have them all ready when the time comes for making the garden."

"Oh dear me!" said Fanny.

"What's the matter?" asked Timboo.

"Why, when the time comes for making the garden," replied Fanny, in a mournful tone, "the roads will all be dry, and then I shall have to go to school again."

"And don't you like to go to school?" inquired Timboo.

"No," said Fanny.

"Nor should I if I were you," said Timboo. "As it is, I should like to go to school very much, because I am old enough to have a good time sitting at my desk and studying. But you are not old enough for that, I suppose."

"Why, Timboo, we don't have any desk," said Fanny. "All we have to do is to sit on a bench and be still."

"I should not like that," said Timboo.

"And then, if we can't tell what the hard words spell, we have a mark," said Fanny.

"That's bad," said Timboo.

"And if we look off our books in the class, then we have another mark," added Fanny.

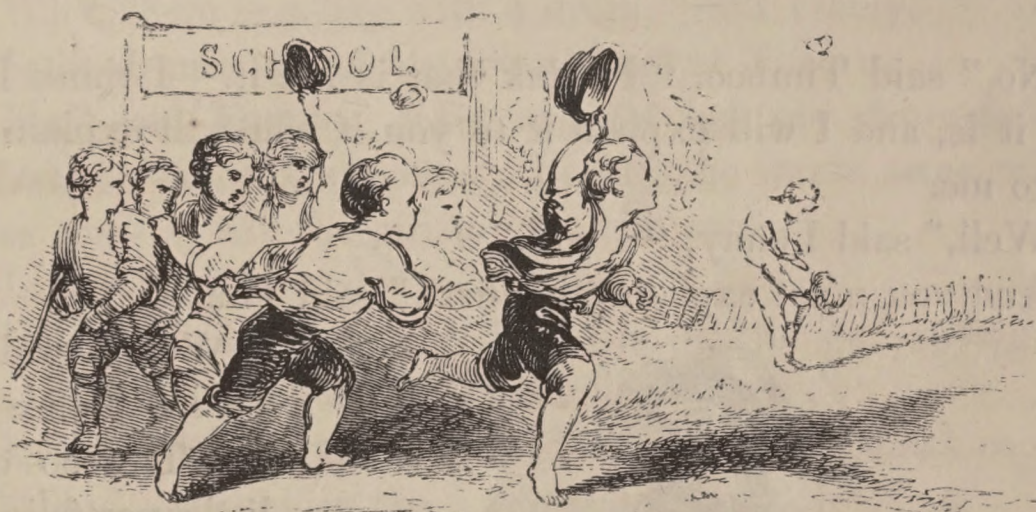
"That's bad too," said Timboo.

"And if we laugh, then we have two marks," added Fanny.

What Timboo said to Fanny about going to school.

“That’s the worst of all,” said Timboo; “and I don’t wonder that you do not like to go to school.”

Almost all young children feel as Fanny did in respect to going to school. They are sorry when the time comes to go in, and glad when the time comes for them to be let out. They would much rather race about out of doors, chasing butterflies or leaping over



SCHOOL OUT

one another, than to be obliged to sit still on a bench with nothing to do. I do not think they are much to be blamed for this. Nor did Timboo.

“I don’t wonder that you don’t like to go to school,” said he. “I should not like to go if I were you. Indeed, if I were a child as old as you, I should manage in such a way as not to go to school at all.”

“How would you manage?” asked Fanny.

“Ah! that’s a secret,” said Timboo.

“Tell me,” said Fanny; “do.”

Fanny's picture.

The agreement.

Timboo's picture.

"First let me see what you have in your hand," said Timboo.

"It's a picture," said Fanny; "I want you to explain it to me."

So Fanny laid her picture down upon the table before Timboo, and asked him what it meant.

"Mark says," she added, "that that horse is running away, and that the boys are coming out of the water to help the man catch him."

"No," said Timboo, "I think that is not it. I think I know what it is, and I will explain it to you if you will explain a picture to me."

"Well," said Fanny, "I will."

"And you must explain mine first," said Timboo.

"Well," said Fanny, "let me see it."

So Timboo opened a little portfolio made of a book-cover, which lay on the back part of his table, and took out a small picture, which he showed to Fanny. It was this.

Fanny examined the picture very attentively, while Timboo went on with his work of arranging his seeds.



THE MILK-PAN.

Fanny undertakes to explain the picture. The meaning of "foreground" and "background."

"Do you understand it?" asked Timboo.

"Yes," said Fanny, "I understand it very well."

"Explain it to me, then," said Timboo.

"It is a girl bringing in a pan of milk," said Fanny, "and a kitten mewling for the girl to give her some."

"That is not all," said Timboo.

"Why, there is a boy with a drum," said Fanny.

"Is he drumming on his drum?" asked Timboo.

"No," said Fanny. "He has got but one drumstick. He has lost the other, I suppose. Besides, he wants some milk, and he has come to ask the girl to give him some."

"Is that all?" asked Timboo.

"No," replied Fanny. "There is a little girl sitting at the table behind. She has got some milk already."

"In describing a picture," said Timboo, "we don't commonly say behind—we say in the *background*."

"It is not ground at all," said Fanny. "It is in a room."

"That makes no difference," replied Timboo. "The front part of the picture is called the foreground, and the back part the background, whether it is in a room or out of doors."

Timboo was right in this. The regular and proper way to have described his picture would have been as follows:

In the centre is a girl, with a straw hat upon her head, and with her dress pinned up to keep it clean, bringing in a pan of milk. To the right, in the foreground, is a boy with a drum and one drumstick, looking at the milk, and wishing that he had some. In the foreground, to the left, is a cat, looking up and mewling for some of

Timboo explains Fanny's picture.Teaching definitions.

the milk. In the background, likewise to the left, a young child is sitting at a table, eating bread and milk from a bowl, apparently very contented and happy.

After Fanny had looked at Timboo's picture as long as she pleased, she turned her attention again to her own, and asked Timboo what he thought the boys in her picture were doing.

"I know what they are doing," said Timboo, "for I read about that picture in a book. The place where those boys have gone in a swimming is a canal. They undressed themselves on the bank of the canal, and laid down their clothes near the tow-path."

"What is the tow-path?" asked Fanny.

"It is the path that is made along the bank of the canal," replied Timboo, "for the horses to walk in to draw the boats. The horses draw the boats by means of a long rope called the tow-line. Can you see the boat in your picture?"

"No," said Fanny.

"It is in the background, on the right," said Timboo, "at the farther side of the water."*

"Ah, yes," said Fanny, "I see it now. I did not know what it was. It is a boat loaded with goods. There is a man at the end of it, steering it."

"At the *stern* of it," said Timboo.

"Yes," said Fanny, "at the stern of it. I can see the great rudder running out behind."

"Can you see the tow-rope?" asked Timboo.

"Where shall I look for it?" asked Fanny.

* See the engraving representing this picture on page 14.

Fanny thought the tow-rope was a clothes line.

The pictures on the wall.

“Between the horse and the bow of the boat,” said Timboo. “It is the rope that the horse draws the boat by.”

“Yes,” said Fanny, “I see it. There it is, running straight across the water. I thought it was a clothes-line, with clothes hanging upon it.”

“Those are the boys’ clothes,” said Timboo. “You see, when the horse came along the tow-path, drawing the boat, the tow-line caught among the boys’ clothes, which were lying on the bank, and is carrying them away, and the boys are running after them.”

“Ah, yes,” said Fanny, “I understand it now.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE FOUR FRAMED PICTURES.

“BUT, Timboo,” said Fanny, “tell me how I can manage so as not to have to go to school.”

As Fanny asked this question, she turned round to look, for the twentieth time, at the pictures which Timboo had hung up upon his wall. There were a great many of them, and they were hung low, so that children could see them conveniently.

“This is a picture of a castle, I suppose,” said she.

The picture which Fanny referred to was a representation of a castle among the rocks. There were two round towers, and an arched door-way between them. In the foreground were two or three figures. The picture was quite a pretty one, and it was surrounded by a very pretty border which Timboo had made to it. You may see a representation of it in the following engraving.

Timboo's picture of the ancient castle.



The castle windows.

The ladies.

The parasol.

“What funny little windows there are in this castle!” said Fanny.

“Yes,” said Timboo. “In castles they have the windows small, so that the enemy can not shoot into them. The castle-men, who stand inside, can shoot out through the little windows, but the enemy that are without can not shoot into them very well.”

“Yes,” said Fanny, “I understand. But come, Timboo, tell me what the secret is.”

“Some of the windows are very long and narrow, and are shaped like a cross,” continued Timboo.

“Yes,” said Fanny, “I see them. But what is the secret, Timboo?”

Timboo did not answer, but went on putting up his seeds.

“What are these people doing here in this picture, in the front part?” asked Fanny.

“In the foreground you mean,” said Timboo.

“Well,” said Fanny, “in the foreground.”

“Look at them, and see if you can not tell,” rejoined Timboo.

“Why, there is a lady,” said Fanny, “and a little girl taking a walk, and their clothes are blowing all about. It must be a very windy day.”

“Yes,” said Timboo.

“And the little girl’s parasol is turned inside out by the wind,” said Fanny.

“Then,” remarked Timboo, “I think it must be very windy indeed.”

“Do you think the lady lives in that castle?” asked Fanny.

Fanny's question.

The row of pictures.

The country house.

"No," said Timboo; "most likely she lives in some village or town near by."

"Come, Timboo," said Fanny, after another short pause, "tell me how I can manage so as not to have to go to school."

"I can't tell you to-day very well," said Timboo, "but I will tell you some time or other."

"Ah, no," said Fanny, "I want you to tell me to-day, because I want to begin as soon as possible, so as not to have to go to school."

"Oh, you could not do it," said Timboo.

"Why not?" asked Fanny. "Is it very hard?"

"No," said Timboo, "it is not very hard, but it requires a great deal of patience and perseverance."

The picture of the castle which Fanny had been looking at was one of four, which were placed on the wall along in a row. Two of these pictures were large and two were small. The two large ones were at the two ends of the row, and the small ones were in the middle.

The castle, of course, was at one end of the row. The large picture which was at the other end represented a man giving a girl a letter for her mother at the gate of his house. We shall come to this picture by-and-by, but not just now; for the next picture which Fanny came to was a small one. It was not very small, though it was smaller than the others.

It represented a very pretty country house in England, with a thatched roof and large square windows.

"What a pretty house this is!" said Fanny. "Do you know, Timboo, who lived in it?"

Another of Timboo's pictures.

The trellis.

The door-yard.



“No,” said Timboo, “I do not. Do you see the trellis over the door?”

“Over which door?” asked Fanny.

“Over the left-hand door,” said Timboo.

“Yes,” said Fanny, “I see it. And there is a very pretty yard in front of the house, with a good smooth place to play. I should

Fanny's question again.

Fanny's guess.

One way of avoiding being sent to school.

like to run about there and play. There is a man there now, but I don't see what he is doing.

"But, Timboo," she continued, after musing a moment about the picture, "I don't see why you can't tell me how I must manage so as not to have to go to school."

"You must guess," said Timboo.

"How many times must I guess?" said Fanny.

"Three times," said Timboo. "If you will guess three times, and don't get right then, I will tell you, though not to day."

"Well," said Fanny, "I will guess." Then, after a moment's pause, she added, "I suppose it is that I must cry every time I am sent to school, and make a great deal of trouble."

"Oh no," said Timboo, "that is not the way. That way succeeds sometimes, I know, when a child has a very foolish mother, but it would not succeed very well with your mother. Besides, it is a bad way."

"What are all these cars in the next picture?" asked Fanny.

"They are coal-cars," replied Timboo. "There is a coal-mine there somewhere among the mountains, and that is a train of cars loaded with coals, that are going to be taken away to some town in the neighborhood."

"I don't think it is a very pretty train?" said Fanny.

"Nor do I," said Timboo.

"I don't like such pictures as that very well," said Fanny. "I think my picture of the boys running after the clothes is prettier than this."

"Yes," said Timboo.

Another picture in Timboo's lodge.



“Especially,” added Fanny, “when I understand what it means.”

“True,” said Timboo; “and if I were you, when I put it in my picture-book, I would write the explanation underneath.”

“But I don’t know how to write, Timboo,” said Fanny.

“Ah!” said Timboo, “have not you learned to write yet?”

Timboo advises Fanny to learn to read story-books.

“No,” said Fanny.

“That’s unlucky,” said Timboo. “It is very convenient to know how to write, and how to read writing too.”

“I can read printing,” said Fanny. “And I remember that you showed me how to learn the letters.”

“It is very convenient to know how to read,” said Timboo. “You can read story-books.”

“Only,” continued Fanny, “I can’t read fast enough to read story-books. I like to have my mother read them to me best.”

“It is more convenient to read them to yourself,” said Timboo, “because very often your mother is busy, and she can not read to you.”

“Yes,” replied Fanny, “she is almost always busy.”

“So it would be much better,” added Timboo, “for you to learn to read fast enough to read the story-books yourself. But it is time for you to make your other guesses.”

“Well,” said Fanny, “I guess—you mean—let me see. You must mean for me to make believe that I am sick, and then they won’t send me to school. Is that it?”

“No,” said Timboo. “It is true that that plan is adopted by children very often, and it succeeds very well for particular days, but it does not answer very well for all the time. Besides, it is wrong to do that. It is wrong to make false pretenses, no matter what you gain by it.”

“Timboo, what is this girl doing in the next picture?”

“She is taking a letter to carry home to her mother,” said Timboo.

The fourth picture in Timboo's lodge.



Timboo's description.

Superscription.

Fanny's letter.

"The man who stands inside the gate," added Timboo, "has given her the letter, and is waiting to see if she can read the superscription of it."

"What do you mean by the superscription?" asked Fanny.

"It means what is written on the back of the letter. *Scriptio* means something written. A *subscription* is what is written under any thing. A *superscription* is what is written over it, or on the back of it. The man who has given the girl the letter is now waiting to see whether she can read the superscription."

"And can she?" asked Fanny.

"Yes," said Timboo; "she sees that it is for her mother, and she looks quite pleased and surprised. It is very convenient to be able to read writing."

"I wish I could read writing," said Fanny.

"Yes," said Timboo, "I wish you could."

"You see, by-and-by, when you grow a little older," continued Timboo, "some day or other a note or a letter will come to you, and then you will wish to be able to read it."

"I had a letter once," said Fanny. "It was from my father. It was when he was at Washington."

"And could you read it?" asked Timboo.

"No," said Fanny; "my mother read it to me."

"It is much more convenient to be able to read your letters yourself," said Timboo.

"Besides," he added, "by-and-by, when you grow up to be a large young lady, and are old enough to be married, and some young gentleman that you like writes you a note to ask you if you

Advantages of knowing how to read.How Timboo learned to write.

are willing to be his wife, and go and live with him in a nice house that he is building, with a pretty garden full of fruits and flowers behind it, what a pity it would be if you could not read the letter !”

“Yes,” said Fanny, mournfully, “it would be a great pity.”

Fanny’s countenance assumed a very thoughtful and sad expression as she mused for a moment on the melancholy picture which Timboo had presented to her mind. She began really to wish that somebody would teach her to read writing.

“Besides,” said Timboo, after a short pause, “if you could read writing, you could read my magazine yourself, instead of my having always to read it to you.”

“Yes,” said Fanny, “so I could.”

“And if you could write as well as read writing, you might make a magazine of your own,” said Timboo.

CHAPTER V.

TIMBOO’S MAGAZINE.

TIMBOO had a book which he called his magazine. It was a large square book, ruled with faint lines of blue ink. When Timboo first bought this book, it was blank, but now it was almost entirely full of stories, pictures, dialogues, narratives, and little songs that he had written in it. He wrote these things in his magazine in order to teach himself to write. It was more amusing to write such things, he thought, than it would be to transcribe copy-slips, such as are used at schools.

The chirographical magazine.How to fasten pictures in a scrap-book.

“And if I write these things as carefully as I should write copy-slips,” said he to himself, “it will be just as well.”

It was, in fact, a great deal better, for by writing continuously in this way he learned to write a uniform and fluent hand, such as merchants' clerks learn to write in copying letters in the counting-room.

The title in full of Timboo's book was the Chirographical Magazine, and this name was printed neatly, in large capitals, on the title-page of the book. The word *chirographical* means that which pertains to handwriting, so that chirographical magazine would mean a collection of articles written with the pen. This word was, however, too long and hard for the children to pronounce readily, and so they called Timboo's book simply the magazine.

Fanny and Mark liked very much to have Timboo read to them out of his magazine, and Timboo, knowing this, wrote many of the articles in it expressly to amuse them.

Timboo put pictures into his book to illustrate the stories. Sometimes he drew these pictures himself with a pen, but more frequently the illustrations consisted of engravings from old worn-out books, which he cut out, and wafered in at the proper places in the magazine by means of white wafers. One white wafer answered for two pictures, for Timboo always split the wafer with his penknife, and then quartered each of the halves. This made eight pieces, each one of which was enough for one corner of a picture.

When the pictures were tumbled, Timboo would press them smooth before putting them in. For this purpose, he would damp them a little by putting them between sheets of damped newspa-

A story from Timboo's magazine.

per, and then press them under a board by placing weights upon the top of it.

Some of the stories which Timboo wrote in his magazine were descriptions of pictures. The story of Eleanor was one of these.

CHAPTER VI.

ELEANOR.



NOON.

HERE we see Eleanor eating her dinner. She has been away to the village to get a parcel for her mother, and has just got home.

The story which Timboo wrote about Eleanor.

Her mother saved some dinner for her, and Eleanor is now eating it. Her mother and her little brother Jingo are standing by, to talk with her while she is eating her dinner, and to ask her questions about her walk to the village.

“Are you very tired?” asked her mother.

“No,” says Eleanor, “not very.”

“It was a pretty heavy parcel,” says her mother.

“Oh no,” replied Eleanor, “it was not heavy at all. I could bring it very easily by stopping now and then to rest.”

You can see the parcel which Eleanor brought standing up against the cupboard, on the left, in the picture. It is a pretty large parcel, and it must have been quite inconvenient to carry. But Eleanor likes to be useful, and is pleased when she can accomplish a great deal of work. Accordingly, whenever she has any thing to do that is hard, instead of complaining of it because it is hard, she is only proud and happy to find that she is able to do it.

The room is a plain farmer’s kitchen. Eleanor sits in an old-fashioned chair, which has a curiously-formed back. She is eating her dinner with a spoon.

There is a stove in the room, with a steaming tea-kettle and a saucepan on the top of it. Beyond the stove, and high up upon the wall, is a shelf. There are two other shelves at the back side of the room, with plates upon the upper one, and candlesticks and pitchers below. There is a bar fastened before the upper shelf to keep the plates from falling out.

On the opposite page is a picture of Eleanor in her bed-room.

Eleanor mending Jingo's clothes.

Jingo has gone to bed and is fast asleep; his bed is in the back side of the room. Eleanor is mending his clothes. She mends them after he has gone to bed, so as to have them all ready for him the next morning.



NIGHT.

When Eleanor observes a place that requires mending in Jingo's clothes, she says nothing at the time, but remembers it. She does not call him to her and say, "Now, Jingo, you have torn your clothes. How did you do it? I must mend them. I'll mend them to-night, after you have gone to bed. Be sure not to let me forget."

How Eleanor takes care of her brother.More about the picture.

It would do no good to say all this. It would only be bringing up disagreeable thoughts to Jingo's mind, and to the minds of all the people of the house that might happen to be within hearing. The idea of clothes torn or injured, or of any other unpleasant accident or damage, is a disagreeable idea, and the less we publish disagreeable ideas the better.

Eleanor knows this, and so, when she observes any rent in her brother's clothes, she says nothing, but remembers it; and then at night, after he has gone to bed, she takes the clothes, without saying any thing to any body, and mends them.

Thus Jingo always looks neat, and yet Eleanor gets very little praise for it. She does not do it to be praised for it by others. She does it for the sake of the inward satisfaction of doing her duty and of being useful.

The chairs in this bed-room are of the same kind as the one in the other picture, where Eleanor was eating her dinner at noon.

What a pretty lamp it is that Eleanor is sewing by!

It is a warm summer evening, and Eleanor has left her window open to admit the air. There stands on the window-sill a flower-pot, containing a geranium which Eleanor raised from a slip.

The cat, with her three kittens, are lying asleep upon the floor.

I observe by the clock that it is about twelve minutes past ten.

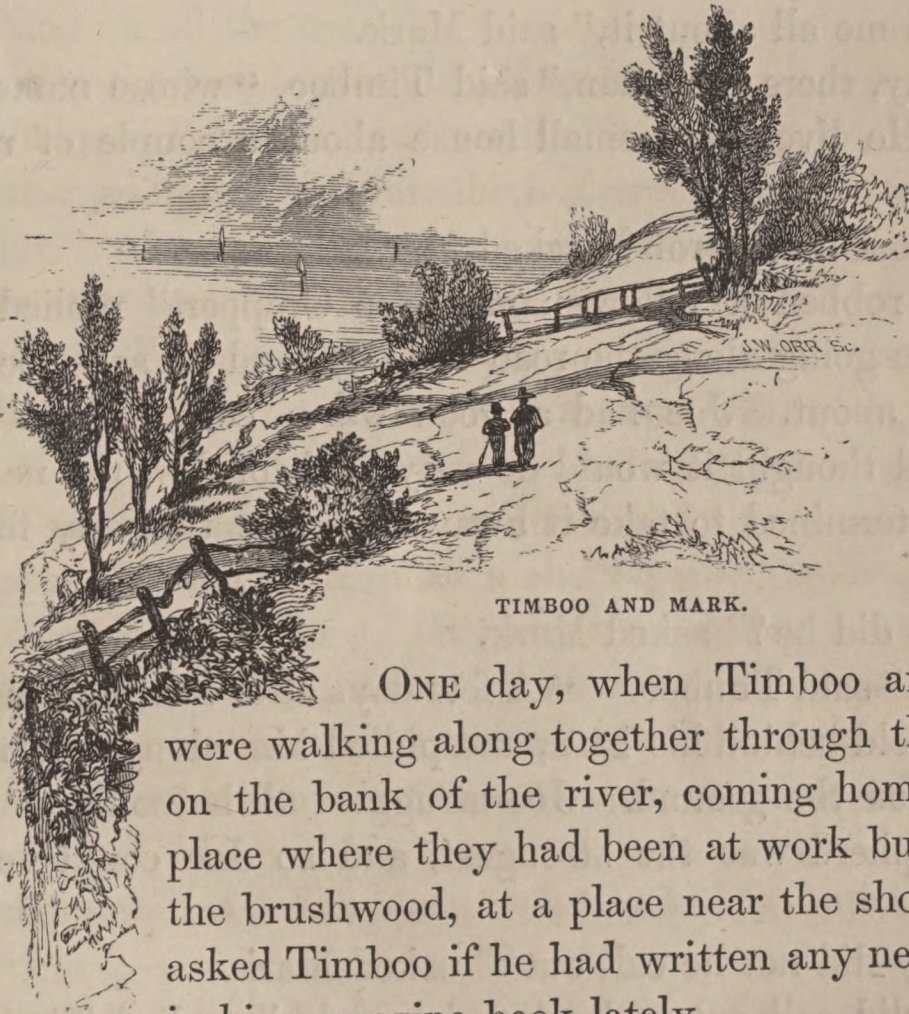
Timboo and Mark.

The magazine again.

A new story.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ROBBERY.



TIMBOO AND MARK.

ONE day, when Timboo and Mark were walking along together through the fields, on the bank of the river, coming home from a place where they had been at work burning up the brushwood, at a place near the shore, Mark asked Timboo if he had written any new stories in his magazine book lately.

“No,” said Timboo, “but I am going to write one this evening.”

“What is it about?” asked Mark.

“It is about a robbery,” said Timboo.

Timboo's story of the robbery.

Joe Cropper.

Shepherd.

"A robbery!" said Mark, surprised.

"Yes," said Timboo, "I think we might call it a robbery."

"Did it happen any where about here?" asked Mark.

"Yes," said Timboo, "it happened up the river here a little way."

"Tell me all about it," said Mark.

"Why, there is a man," said Timboo, "whose name is Shepherd. He lives in a small house about a couple of miles from here."

"Whom did he rob?" asked Mark.

"He robbed a fellow named Joe Cropper," replied Timboo. "He was going along the road one day, and he saw Joe in a field walking about. Joe had a good warm coat on his back, and Shepherd thought it would do very well for *him* the next winter, so he determined to take it away from Joe the very first opportunity."

"And did he?" asked Mark.

"Yes," said Timboo. "A few days after this, he caught Joe in a little field behind his barn, and pulled him along, and threw him down upon the ground. Joe struggled all he could to get away, but Shepherd was the strongest, and so Joe could not do any thing."

"Why did not he call out?" asked Mark.

"He did call out as loud as he could," replied Timboo, "but nobody came to help him. Several people heard him calling, but they did not come. So at length, when he found it did no good to resist, he submitted quietly, and let Shepherd take off his coat,

Timboo continues the story of the shepherd robbery.

though it was on so tight that Shepherd had to cut away the fastenings. After he got the coat off he let poor Joe go away."

"What a shame!" said Mark. "And did not any body see him?"

"Yes," said Timboo, "there was a lady and a child pretty near there, looking on all the time."

"Why did not they scream?" asked Mark.

"I don't know," replied Timboo. "They stood by, looking on very quietly, as if they did not think there was any thing wrong in the affair."

"That's very strange," said Mark.

"Yes," said Timboo; "and so I am going to write an account of it in the magazine. I have got a picture of it in my lodge."

"I mean to go and see it," said Mark, "as soon as I get home."

"Well," said Timboo, "you will find it on my table."

"I suppose," said Mark, after a short pause, "that the man came up from New York. There are ever so many bad men in New York, who come up the North River by the steam-boats and cars, and commit murders, and robberies, and all sorts of crimes.

"But then," he continued, "I don't see why that lady did not make an alarm."

"She did not," said Timboo; "she looked on quietly all the while."

"At any rate," said Mark, "I want to see the picture."

Accordingly, as soon as Timboo and Mark reached home, Mark went into the lodge and looked upon Timboo's table. Turn over the leaf, and you will see the picture that he found there.

Shepherd stealing Joe Cropper's coat.



THE ROBBERY.

“This is not the picture,” said Mark, astonished. “This is the picture of a sheep-shearing.”

Then, a moment afterward, he added,

“But there is the lady and child looking on. This must be it,

Mark's accusation against Timboo.Timboo's defense.

after all. It is nothing but a sheep-shearing. The warm coat is the fleece, and Joe Cropper is this ram. Timboo has been making a fool of me."

So Mark went off in high dudgeon to find Timboo and call him to account for making false representations. He found him in the barn.

"Timboo," said he, "you have been making a fool of me. You said it was a robbery, but it is only a sheep-shearing."

"I did not say it was actually a robbery," replied Timboo. "I said I thought you might *call it* a robbery. The man took Joe Cropper's warm coat away from him against his will, by violence, because he wanted to make one out of it for himself. If that is not robbery, I should like to know what you call it."

"I call it a sheep-shearing," said Mark. "Besides, you said it was a *man* named Joe Cropper."

"No," replied Timboo, "I said it was a *fellow* named Joe Cropper."

"Well," said Mark, "a sheep is not a fellow."

"What is a fellow?" asked Timboo.

Mark, having no precise definition of the word fellow ready at hand, was somewhat posed by this question; but, after some hesitation, he said that he did not know exactly what a fellow was, but he was sure it was *not* any such thing as a sheep.

"Besides," added Mark, "you said he bellowed. A sheep can't bellow, you know very well."

"Why not?" asked Timboo.

"Because," said Mark. "Because—he can't. He can bleat.

Why the sheep was called Joe Cropper.

Deception.

Bulls bellow. Then, besides," he added, after a pause, "a sheep could not be named Joe Cropper."



JOE CROPPER.

"The children called him so," said Timboo. "They caught him cropping grass in the field one day, and hence they named him Cropper. *Joe* was his name before."

These statements of Timboo, so promptly asserted, somewhat silenced Mark, but still he did not appear to be convinced.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REFERENCE.

IN the course of that day, Mark told the story of the robbery of Joe Cropper to Fanny, and made complaint to her of Timboo's having deceived him by making him think it was a man.

"Don't you think it was deception?" said he.

"Yes," said Fanny, "I am sure it was."

So they went both out into the garden to find Timboo, in order that Mark might renew the charge of deception against him.

The children agree to leave the question to Prudence.

“We will leave it out to somebody to decide for us,” said Timboo, when they had found him and had made their complaint, “and if they say it was deception, I will submit to any punishment they shall decide upon.”

“Well,” said Mark, “and whom shall we leave it to?”

“What do you say to leaving it to Prudence?” said Timboo.

“Agreed,” said Mark. “She will decide against you, I know.” So he and Fanny ran off into the house to tell Prudence that they were going to leave a case to her, and that she must be sure to decide against Timboo.

“I’ll wait,” said Prudence, “till I hear what the case is.”

“Why, it is just this,” said Mark; and he was proceeding to relate the circumstances of the case, when Prudence interrupted him, saying that she could not hear it one-sided.

“You must wait till Timboo comes,” she said.

So it was agreed to postpone the case until the evening, when Timboo would be in the house.

Accordingly, after tea, Mark and Fanny went into the kitchen to attend to the business of the reference. Oscar and Carroll, their brothers, having heard of the case, went too.

When they were all ready, Mark stated the case, and in farther illustration of it, and in confirmation of the view which he took of the subject, he produced the picture, which Timboo had lent him for the purpose, and showed it to Prudence.

“So you see,” said he, in winding up his statement of the case, “that it was not any robbery at all, but only a sheep-shearing.”

Timboo's argument.

The sentence.

The punishment.

Prudence then asked Timboo what he had to say for himself.

“Yes,” repeated Mark, triumphantly, “what have you got to say for yourself?”

“All I have to say,” replied Timboo, “is, that if Mark had ever been a sheep himself, and any body had taken off *his* wool early in the season, and left him to go about in the cold winds with nothing on his back to keep him warm, just so that they might have coats to wear the next winter themselves, he would have been perfectly satisfied to have called it a robbery, I am well convinced; but as he never has been a sheep, I don't think he can judge.”

Mark looked somewhat perplexed by this argument, and Prudence laughed.

After all, however, Timboo's ingenuity and eloquence in making his defense did not save him. The current was against him. All wished to have him punished, Prudence as much as the rest; so she decided against him, and for punishment she sentenced him to make a poetical confession of his fault.

“The confession must be ready to-morrow evening,” said she, “and it must be read here before all this company.”

Accordingly, the next evening, after tea, the same company assembled in the kitchen to hear Timboo's confession. It was as follows:

“With sorrow I confess in rhyme
That I've been guilty of a crime—
I called a sheep a fellow;
And then, to make the case more strong,
And double, as it were, the wrong,
I called his bleat a bellow.

Mark's merriment.Timboo and Fanny again.

“Next time, you'll see, I'll mind my jokes,
And not attempt the boys to hoax
With any squib or quibble;
For this was only just a squib,
You could not call it quite a fib,
'Twas just a little fibble.”

Mark laughed aloud, and capered about the room with delight at hearing these stanzas, and then, seizing the paper from Timboo's hands, he read it over again, interrupting himself, however, continually with peals of laughter. When he finished it, he threw himself down upon a bench, crying out, “Oh, Timboo, what a boy you are! Oh fibble! oh squibble!” and so he ran off with the paper into the parlor to read the poetry to his mother.

CHAPTER IX.

TIMBOO'S SECRET.

“COME, Timboo,” said Fanny, one day, a short time after the affair of the reference, “you have never told me your secret about how I shall manage so as not to have to go to school.”

It was a pleasant spring morning when Fanny said this, and Timboo was at work in the garden at the time, raking up the straw and stubble. It was beginning to be pretty dry in the garden, though it was still wet in the roads, and no arrangement had yet been made for sending Fanny to school.

“What is the way to manage?” asked Fanny. “You said that you would tell me if I could not guess, and I have guessed all the ways I can think of.”

The conversation about the reasons for sending children to school.

“What is the reason why people send children to school?” asked Timboo.

“To have them learn,” said Fanny.

“That is one reason,” replied Timboo, “but it is not the only one. There is another very important reason besides that.”

“What is it?” asked Fanny.

“They send them to school to get them out of the way,” said Timboo.

“I don’t think my mother sends *me* to school for that,” said Fanny.

“I think it probable that she does not,” said Timboo. “Still, perhaps you are sometimes a little troublesome.”

Fanny did not answer.

Timboo was undoubtedly right in supposing that one of the reasons why children are sometimes sent to school is because they are troublesome at home, and their mothers wish to have them out of the way a part of the time, so that they can themselves have a little peace. Almost all children, when they are young, are more or less troublesome. They like to hear noise themselves, and they do not consider how disagreeable it is to grown people. They accordingly train about the house, and blow whistles, and beat drums, or whine and fret when any thing displeases them, so that their mothers send them to school partly in order to have the house still for a few hours in the day.

Sometimes this troublesomeness arises from mere thoughtlessness and inconsideration; but then, on the other hand, it sometimes results from the influence of a selfish spirit, or from an ugly

Bad boys.

Account of young Inchbald.

His sister.

temper. Some boys, who have not been properly controlled and governed when they were young, are so turbulent and unmanageable when they grow up to be ten or twelve years old, that they are the torment of the house, so that there can be no peace or quiet until they are sent away to school. There is some excuse for such boys, I am aware, in the fact that they are growing all the time, and thus their size, and the strength of their limbs, and the power of their voices, are insensibly but rapidly increasing, and they are often not aware how much force they exercise and how much noise they make. This excuse, however, does not apply in all cases.

I knew a boy named Inchbald. His mother indulged him when he was young, and so, when he grew older, she could do nothing with him. He seemed to take a pride in violating all those rules of propriety which govern the conduct of gentlemen. He was domineering in his manners, and tyrannical in his treatment of all who would submit to him. He took special pleasure in teasing and tormenting his sister, although she was two or three years older than himself; and when company came to the house, instead of feeling under any restraint while they were there, he seemed to act worse than ever, by way of showing how independent he was of all control.

One day, when his father and mother were away, a gentleman and lady came to spend the evening with young Inchbald's sister, and in the course of the evening they proposed to have some music. Miss Inchbald was to play, and they were themselves to sing. So they all drew up to the piano together; but Rufus, for that was his name, determined to spoil their pleasure; so he caught

Rufus's bad behavior.

The reason why children are sent away to school.



UGLY BOY.

the cat, and held two drumsticks in her paws, and began to thrum with these on the keys of the piano whenever his sister attempted to play. His sister could do nothing with him,

and the company were finally compelled to give up the music altogether.

His mother, when she came home and heard an account of Rufus's behavior, resolved to send him off to school the very next week.

But to return to Timboo and Fanny.

"Now my secret," said Timboo, "is this. The two reasons why children are sent to school are, first, that they may learn to read and write, and, secondly, to get rid of their noise and the trouble they make at home. Of course, all you have to do, if you wish not to go to school, is, first, to go to work and learn to read and write yourself at home, and, secondly, not to make any noise or give any trouble."

"But I have not got any body to teach me at home," said Fanny.

"You must teach yourself," said Timboo. "I teach myself, and I get along very well."

Fanny resolves to learn to read and write.

Marco's study.

"Well," said Fanny, "I will teach myself to write, if you will help me."

"Ah! but I don't think you will have perseverance enough," said Timboo.

"Yes," said Fanny, "I am sure I shall have perseverance enough."

"Only," she added, "I have not got any desk at home, or any table to write on. I could learn very well if I only had a good place."

"That makes very little difference," said Timboo. "It does not depend upon place; it depends upon disposition."

This was very true. Good progress in study is not by any means made sure by providing a boy with conveniences for his work, however perfect they may be.

I know a boy whose uncle provided him with a most excellent and comfortable arm-chair, well cushioned, and gave him a very pleasant place in the corner of a library. His desk was furnished with all the books and writing implements that he could possibly require; and yet, instead of improving all these advantages, the boy spent the greater part of his time one day in playing and looking out at the window, and so he learned nothing at



MARCO.

all. Here you see him. His name was Marco.

James's study.

Success in studying depends on the student.

Timboo's plan.

In the next picture, on the other hand, you see represented a



JAMES.

boy whose conveniences and facilities are far inferior to those of Marco, and yet he is making the best possible use of them. His desk is small and narrow, his seat is a hard bench, and his books are very few.

Timboo explained to Fanny that her success in teaching herself to write at home would depend very little on her having a nice desk, and good pens, and a comfortable seat, and a quiet

place, but almost altogether on her own energy and perseverance.

Fanny determined to try Timboo's plan. She said that she would begin that day, and be very careful not to make any noise in the house, or to give her mother any trouble in any way; and that she would take a lesson every day in reading and in writing.

"You must take four lessons every day in reading," said Timboo, "and two in writing."

"Well," said Fanny, "I will."

It was finally agreed that Fanny was to read aloud from some story book, a half an hour each time, four times a day, twice in the forenoon and twice in the afternoon. This, Timboo told her, would give her practice, so that in a short time she would find herself improving very fast. Then she was also to give herself two

Fanny wanted to write with ink.

What Timboo said.

The first lesson.

lessons in writing every day. She had no pen and ink, and so she was going to begin with a pencil. Timboo told her that she could learn the forms of the letters just as well with a pencil as with a pen.

“Only the writing will rub out,” said Fanny, “if I do it with a pencil; and I want to write in a magazine-book like yours, and keep it as long as I live.”

“Well,” said Timboo, “I will give you a piece of paper, and write you something to copy, and you shall write it at first four or five times with a pencil, and then, as soon as you can write it well enough to be read, I will make you a magazine-book, and you shall copy it there.”

“And can I have a picture too?” asked Fanny.

“Yes,” said Timboo. “If you will bring me some picture or other, I will write something about it for you to copy, and that shall be your first lesson.”

“Well,” said Fanny, “I will.”

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRST WRITING-LESSON.

FANNY wished to have her first writing-lesson in poetry. A great many of the articles in Timboo's magazine-book were in poetry, or, rather, in what the children called poetry, though the pieces consisted only of little stanzas of jingling rhymes, which, though of no great pretensions in a literary point of view, amused the children very much, and this was the reason that Timboo wrote

Fanny chooses a picture to write about.

them. Indeed, it was owing to the fact that Prudence knew how skillful Timboo was in composing such verses, that she had sentenced him to make a poetical confession of his offense in mystifying Mark with his story of the robbery.

Fanny accordingly chose a picture from among a considerable stock which she had in a small portfolio, and brought it out to Timboo in the garden, to ask him to write something adapted to it.

"Timboo," said she, "I have brought you my picture."

"Very well," said Timboo. "I am busy now, and can not come down very well, but you can tell me about the picture, and that will answer."

Timboo was standing upon a ladder at this time, pruning a grape-vine which was growing over a bower.

So Fanny took her place at the foot of the ladder, and began explaining the picture to Timboo.

"There is a girl sitting in a chair, out under a tree, not far from the house," said Fanny. "She has a little child in her lap. She is trotting him on her knee, and is singing him a song. I want you to write me the song that she is singing."

"Well," said Timboo, "I will. But what else is there in the picture?"

"There is a bird on a tree," said Fanny.

"And what else is there?" asked Timboo.

"There is a kitty," said Fanny.

"And what is the kitty doing?" asked Timboo.

"Nothing," said Fanny, "except running about."

"Well," said Timboo, "now go and read your first lesson, and

Negotiations between Timboo and Fanny about a song.

when you come back I will have the song ready. It will be a very short song, because your first writing-lesson must not be a long one."

"Well," said Fanny.

"And it must be such a kind of song as a girl would like to sing when trotting a baby, I suppose," said Timboo.

"Yes," said Fanny.

"Can you sing the song," said Timboo, "if I write it for you?"

"Oh yes," said Fanny.

"But there won't be any tune," said Timboo.

"Couldn't you make me a tune?" asked Fanny.

"I might *make* it, perhaps," replied Timboo, "but I could not write it. I don't know how to write music."

"No matter," said Fanny; "you can teach me to sing it, and that will do just as well."

So Fanny went away, and, taking a story-book, she sat down on the step of the door, where the sun shone pleasantly, and spent half an hour in reading aloud. When she thought the half hour was expired, she went into the garden again. She found that Timboo had come down from the ladder and was now in the bower. He had a piece of paper there and a pencil, and he had been writing his song on the paper. He had written it in a very plain and distinct hand, in order that Fanny might see the exact forms of the letters, and so copy them more readily.

Fanny had the picture with her, in her hand. Timboo took the picture, and placed it at the top of his paper, over the verses, and then read as follows :

Fanny's picture and Timboo's trotting-song.



THE TROTTING SONG.

I see a robin ;
His head he keeps a bobbin' ;
Up it goes, and down it goes,
Bob, bob, bobbin'.

I see a pretty
Little Malta kitty ;
Here she jumps, there she jumps,
Kit, kit, kitty.

Fanny was very much pleased with the Trotting Song, and she said she wished she had a baby that very minute, so that she might take him up in her arms, and trot him, and sing him the song.

The mouse.The third verse of Timboo's poetry.

"But, Timboo," said she, "you have not written any thing about the mouse."

"The mouse!" repeated Timboo; "is there any mouse?"

"Yes," said Fanny; "here he is, down in the corner of the picture."

"Ah!" said Timboo, "what a pity! I did not know there was a mouse. There certainly must be something about the mouse. Go away and read aloud fifteen minutes more, and I will see if I can make out something."

So Fanny went away, and sat down on the door-step again, and began to read. In about ten minutes she called out,

"Timboo, have you done the mouse?"

"Not quite," said Timboo.

So Fanny waited a little while longer. At length Timboo called her to come, and on arriving at the bower she found that he had completed the trotting-song by adding the following stanza.

I see a cunning

Little mousie running;

Here he goes, there he goes,

Run, run, running.

So Fanny took the song and walked away with it toward the house, in order to see how she could succeed in copying it by means of a pencil and a piece of paper which Timboo had given her for the purpose.

Timboo's hogshead.Dolphin and Joliba.

CHAPTER XI.

DOLPHIN.

THE reader will perhaps recollect, that is, in case he has read the story of Timboo and Joliba, that when Timboo first came to live at Mr. Cheveril's, he slept for a few nights in a hogshead, which he turned down upon its side, for the purpose of forming a shelter for him through the night. After Timboo had changed his quarters from this hogshead to a more convenient sleeping-place in his lodge, Oscar and Carroll had petitioned their father to let them have a Newfoundland dog to keep in that hogshead, since it would make, as they thought, so excellent a kennel.

Their father consented to this proposal, and the boys procured a young Newfoundland dog from New York. They named the dog Dolphin. Dolphin was rather small when the boys first bought him, but he soon grew quite large, and he became a great favorite with all the family.

Joliba, Timboo's parrot, and Dolphin were for a time somewhat afraid of each other, but they gradually became acquainted, and at length they were excellent friends. The boys taught Joliba to stand on Dolphin's head, and to remain there while Dolphin walked about the yard.

Carroll was very proud of Dolphin. He thought he was a very "knowing" dog, as he expressed it. Dolphin was, indeed, a very sagacious and intelligent animal.

Carroll's comparison.

Timboo's reply.

Ungentlemanliness.

"I think my dog is worth a great deal more than your parrot, Timboo," said Carroll, one day, when he had been playing with Dolphin.

"Very likely," said Timboo.

"He knows more, and can do more, and is worth more in every respect," added Carroll.

"Very probably," said Timboo, coolly.

"And I would not swap with you if you were to give me ever so much to boot," added Carroll.

"Probably not," said Timboo. "At any rate, there is one thing to be said in Dolphin's praise that can't always be said of an animal."

"What is that?" asked Carroll.

"Why, that he is more of a gentleman than his master," said Timboo.

At hearing these words, Carroll looked up at Timboo very much astonished, and asked him what he meant by that.

"Why," replied Timboo, "I never knew Dolphin to say or do an ungentlemanly thing in my life, and that is much more than can be said of his master."

"Oh, Timboo," said Carroll, "what a fib! I am sure I am always gentlemanly."

"It is not considered a particularly gentlemanly thing, I believe," said Timboo, "for a person, when talking with other people, to make comparisons, and boast of the superiority of his things over theirs."

Carroll was quite confounded at this rebuke, and did not know

Fanny playing with Dolphin.Those that talk the most are not always the wisest.

what to say, and before he had time to think how he should reply, Timboo was out of hearing.

Now it happened that, on the day when Fanny took her first writing-lesson from Timboo's hands, Dolphin was coming into the garden just as she was going out, and Fanny thought she would have a little play with him. So she laid her picture, and the paper on which Timboo had written the song, down by the side of the walk, and seizing Dolphin by the collar, she ran along wherever he led her. He brought her round, after a time, to the place where Timboo was at work. Here Dolphin stopped, and sat down near the door of the bower to rest.

"Timboo," said Fanny, "who do you think does really know the most, Dolphin or Joliba?"

Fanny had heard the conversation between Timboo and Carroll in respect to Dolphin and Joliba, and the question which of the two animals was really possessed of the highest degree of sagacity had never been decided in her mind.

"Which do *you* think knows the most?" asked Timboo.

"Why Joliba, I suppose," replied Fanny, "for Joliba can talk and Dolphin can not. At least," added Fanny, after musing a moment, "he can only bark, and whine, and do such things as that. At any rate, Joliba can talk the *most*."

"True," said Timboo, "but that's no rule. It is not always they who talk the most that know the most. I think that Dolphin has a great many more ideas in his mind than Joliba."

"What ideas has he?" asked Fanny.

"Why, for one thing, he has the idea of duty," said Timboo.

Dolphin had an idea of duty.

Joliba had not.

“I can give him something to do, and he will do it faithfully; but if ever I attempt to give Joliba any duty to perform, I can not, by any possible way, get him to understand what I mean.”

“See!” added Timboo.

So saying, he laid his jacket on the ground, and calling Dolphin’s attention to it, he said, “Dolphin! watch!”

Dolphin immediately rose, and walked along to the place where the jacket was lying, and then lay down by the side of it.

“There!” said Timboo; “he would stay there and watch that jacket all day, if I were to leave it under his charge so long. He thinks it is his duty. But Joliba, though he is a prodigious talker, has no idea of duty at all. He does just such things as he finds it pleasant for him to do.

He never does any thing because it is his duty.”

What Timboo stated was perfectly true, and yet Joliba was an amusing as well as a very handsome bird. There was a fashionable young lady, that came one day from New York to make a visit at Mr. Cheveril’s, and the boys carried the parrot into the house, in his cage, to let her look



JOLIBA.

Joliba's songs.Fanny's writing-lesson again.

at him. She thought he was a very fine bird, and she was very much amused at hearing him tease himself to sing.

"Come, Polly," he would say, in a very entreating tone, "give us a song. Pol-ly! Pol-ly! do now, Polly! Come, Polly, give us a little song."

Then singing,

"Love-ly Ro-sa, Sam-bo come,
Don't you hear the banjo—"

Here he would stop suddenly in his singing, and begin entreating himself again.

"Come, Polly! Pol-ly! Go on, Polly."

Then he would break out again into his singing:

"Don't you hear the banjo? tum, tum, tum."

Joliba made a great deal of amusement for those who saw him by these and similar exploits of vocalization, but it was nevertheless true, as Timboo said, that he was wholly incapable of conceiving the idea of duty.

CHAPTER XII.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

AFTER Fanny went away from Timboo the second time on the morning of the day when he wrote the trotting-song for her, in order to go to the house and set herself to the work of copying it, Timboo saw no more of her during the day. The next morning, however, after breakfast, he saw her playing in the yard, and he thought he would ask her about her writing.

Fanny is discouraged.Timboo reassures her.

“Well, Fanny,” said he, “how did you get along copying the song?”

“Oh, I could not do it,” said Fanny. “I could not copy it at all.”

“Did you try?” asked Timboo.

“Yes,” said Fanny, “I tried one line, but I could not make any writing.”

“And what did you do with the paper you tried upon?” asked Timboo.

“Why, I threw it away,” said Fanny.

“I am sorry for that,” said Timboo. “I wanted to see it. And did you throw your picture away too?”

“Oh no,” said Fanny, “I have kept the picture.”

“And what did you do with the song I wrote for you?” asked Timboo.

“Why, I gave that to Prudence,” replied Fanny. “She saw it and read it, and wanted me to give it to her, and so I did.”

“That was right,” said Timboo.

Fanny had expected that Timboo would have found fault with her; so she was quite pleased to learn that he approved of what she had done in the only part of the transaction of which he expressed any opinion at all.

“But I wish,” continued Timboo, “that you could find the paper that you tried to write on, so as to let me see the marks. I don’t expect there is any writing on it, but there may be some very good marks.”

Fanny was quite pleased with the idea that, though she had

Fanny carries her work to Timboo.His observations upon it.

failed in the attempt to write, she might possibly have made some good marks, so off she ran to find the paper.

She had been seated, while she tried to write, the day before, on a step at the corner of the piazza, and when she threw her paper away, it chanced that the wind carried it behind a white rose-bush which was growing there near the house; and now, as soon as Fanny went to the place, she found the paper lying there where it had fallen.

She took it up, and began to walk slowly toward Timboo, looking at the marks, as Timboo called them, which she had made on the paper as she went along.

When she came to Timboo she gave him the paper. Timboo took it in his hand, and then stood for a moment looking at it very intently, as if he was examining the writing. Fanny stood before him in silence, looking up into his face, and awaiting timidly his decision.

“I never was more mistaken in my life,” said Timboo.

“How?” said Fanny. “What do you mean?”

“Why, I said that you would not have perseverance enough to learn to write, and here you have persevered long enough to write a whole line the very first day.”

Fanny was very much pleased to hear this commendation.

“But it is not good writing,” said Fanny.

Fanny was certainly very right in this opinion. The line was nothing but an irregular row of unseemly and unintelligible scrawls and characters, which one would scarcely suppose to have been intended for writing at all.

Fanny writes a second line.Timboo's opinion.

“Not good!” said Timboo, in a tone of surprise. “Not good! ’Tis true you will learn to write better than that by-and-by, but, for a beginning, I call that very good indeed. Look at it.”

Saying this, Timboo held up the paper to Fanny so as to display the line of writing fully to view.

“It is very good indeed,” said he. “Take the paper, and keep it carefully, and to-day some time you can write the next line.”

So saying, Timboo put the paper into Fanny’s hands and walked away.

In about an hour from that time Fanny came back with her paper to Timboo, to show him that she had written the second line.

Timboo took the paper and looked at the work. The writing of the second line was, like that of the first, wholly illegible. There was not a word in it that could be read except the second word, which was *head*; and even that Timboo would not have recognized if he had not known what the word ought to be. Still, there was a manifest improvement. The second attempt which Fanny had made, though in one sense not successful, still came nearer to success than the first. So Timboo was entirely satisfied.

“It’s better,” said Timboo, “it’s better. It’s an improvement. You are on the right track. Now all you have got to do is to push on. How did you hold your pencil?”

So Fanny took the pencil between her fingers, and showed Timboo how she had held it when she was writing.

Timboo then explained to Fanny how the pencil ought to be held. She was naturally inclined to hold it in another way, with

There is a right way and a wrong way for every thing.

her fingers all pinched up, but Timboo told her that was wrong, and explained to her what the best way was to hold it.

“Why?” said Fanny; “what difference does it make if I can hold it easier the other way?”

“I’ll explain it to you, perhaps, some time or other,” said Timboo. “In the mean time, you must do just as I say.”

“Well,” said Fanny, “I will.”

“You see,” said Timboo, “there is a right way and a wrong way to do almost every thing. There is a right way and a wrong way to drive horses and oxen, and a right way and a wrong way to mount a horse, and a right way and a wrong way to hold a needle, or a pair of scissors, or a pen. The wrong way of doing all these things is sometimes easiest at first, but the right way is easiest in the end, that is, after you have become accustomed to it. But because the right way is harder at first, some children go on forever the wrong way. When you show them the right way, they say they can’t do it so—they never could do it that way. So, whatever bad habit they have, they do not try to cure themselves of it, but keep on doing just the same thing, and when you try to persuade them that that is wrong, they say they never could do otherwise. And then, if you wish to teach them any thing new, they try once to do it, and then they give up, because they can not do it well the first time, and say they can’t do that, and so won’t try to learn.”

Fanny listened very attentively to what Timboo said, but she did not speak. She was thinking whether or not his remarks would apply in any degree to her case.

A common folly.Timboo's conversation with Fanny respecting it.

"How perfectly absurd it is," said Timboo, "to be unwilling to try to learn to do a thing because you don't know how to do it already! Of course, you don't know how. If you did, there would be no use in spending your time in trying to learn it."

"I am willing to try," said Fanny.

"Yes," said Timboo, "I see you are. You have written two lines already, and you are going to write more, and you are ready and willing at once to hold your pen as I tell you, even if it is hard to do it at first. You don't seem to be at all like Tommy."

"Tommy who?" asked Fanny.

"Tommy Booby," said Timboo.

"Who was he?" asked Fanny.

"Why, he was a boy," said Timboo, "about seven years old, who went to school. He was very self-conceited, and thought he knew a great deal, but was not willing to try to learn any thing new, or to attempt to cure himself of his bad habits. Come in here, and I will see if I can find an account of him in my magazine-book."

"Have you written an account of him in your magazine-book?" asked Fanny.

"I'll see," said Timboo.

While this conversation had been taking place, Timboo and Fanny had been walking along toward the house together, and had now come pretty near the door which led to Timboo's lodge. So they went into the lodge, and Timboo, taking down his magazine-book, turned over the leaves a little while till he found a certain place, and then pretended to read as follows:

Timboo pretends to read a dialogue out of his book.

TOMMY.

Scene, a little school-room. Old dame, in spectacles, sitting in a comfortable arm-chair. Children on forms around. Enter a new scholar, a boy seven years old, with his thumb in his mouth.

Dame. What is your name, my boy?

Boy. Tommy.

Dame. Tommy what?

Boy. Tommy Booby.

Dame. Well, take your thumb out of your mouth.

[Tommy takes his thumb out with a very unwilling air. The dame takes a slate, and begins to set a copy. Tommy embraces the opportunity to put his thumb in his mouth again.]

Dame. I am going to let you learn to write.

Boy. No, I don't want to learn to write. I can't write. I never could write.

Dame. Well, but I want you to learn. Take your thumb out of your mouth.

Boy. No, I can't write; I never could do that.

Dame. Can you read?

Boy. Hmm!

Dame. Do you know your letters?

Boy. Yes, I learned them once when I was a little boy, but I have forgotten all about them; but I don't want to study them any more.

Dialogue with Tommy.

Fanny's suspicions.

Tommy is sullen.

Dame. Take your thumb out of your mouth, Tommy.

[*Tommy takes his thumb out and pouts.*

Fanny observed that, in reading or pretending to read this dialogue thus far, Timboo hesitated a little sometimes, and sometimes altered the expression, and this awakened a doubt in her mind whether he was really reading it or not. So she interrupted him at this point to ask the question.

“Timboo,” said she, “are you really reading that out of your magazine-book?”

Timboo raised his eyes from the book and looked at Fanny with a queer expression in his countenance, but did not answer her question.

“Timboo,” said Fanny, again, “is that a real story, or are you making it up?”

“It is a real story,” said Timboo.

“I verily believe you are making it up,” said Fanny.

“Well, listen, and hear the rest of it,” said Timboo. He then looked upon his book again, and went on as follows:

Dame. Tommy, that is a bad habit of yours, keeping your thumb in your mouth. It makes you look awkward and disagreeable to others. Should you like to cure yourself of it? I will help you, if you wish to try.

[*Tommy is silent, but looks very unamiable.*

Dame. I wish you were willing to try. You could soon get over the habit.

Tommy runs home in the recess.

Fanny's opinion of him.

Boy. No, I can't do that. I never could keep my thumb out of my mouth.

Dame. Well, go and take your seat, and I will come and give you something to do.

[Presently she gives Tommy a slate, with o's and s's on it, to copy. He makes one or two, and then, as soon as he sees that the dame is occupied with other scholars, he lays down his pencil and puts his thumb in his mouth.]



TOMMY.

Tommy was glad, as soon as the recess came, to find himself at liberty, and ran off home. The other children called out to him to tell him that school was not done, but he paid no heed to them. He ran off as fast as he could run.

“What a boy!” exclaimed Fanny, as soon as Timboo had finished

the story and had shown her the picture.

“Yes,” said Timboo, “I’m thankful that you don’t act as he did. When a boy or a girl cling to their faults, and will not try to improve, it is almost useless to attempt to do any thing with them.”

Right and wrong ways.Mode of sitting or standing to drive a team.

CHAPTER XIII.

RIGHT AND WRONG WAYS.

WHAT Timboo said of the right way and the wrong way of doing things was very true. There is almost always a right way and a wrong way, and the difference between them seems sometimes very small, and yet, in practice, it is very important.

Indeed, very often a person would not suppose that there could be any difference between two certain modes of doing a thing, when yet, in fact, it is found that the difference is very material. The advantages of one mode and the disadvantages of the other are not perceived except by experience.

For example, one would not think it would be at all material on which side a person should sit, on the forward seat of a carriage, when driving; but it is found in experience that it is much better to sit on the right side. The reason is, that then the right arm, which is the arm that holds the whip, is at liberty to extend itself without interfering with the other person sitting on the seat; whereas, if, when you are driving, you sit on the *left*-hand side, then, whenever you raise the whip, your arm passes across before the face of your companion, and the motion of your shoulder jostles him. If you sit on the right side, all comes right.

On the other hand, in driving a team of horses or cattle in the field, the proper place for the teamster to take is on the *left* side. Over the leaf is a picture of a man driving awkwardly and wrong,

The wrong way of driving.The wrong way of sowing.



THE WRONG SIDE.

Account of Mr. Cheveril's neighbor, and his plowing.

because he is on the wrong side of the horses. It represents a scene which Timboo witnessed one morning on the bank of the river, a little below the house where Mr. Cheveril lived. It was in a smooth and pretty field, which had recently been bought by a man who lived in the city, and who knew very little about farming, but, being somewhat conceited, he thought he knew a great deal. He took his carriage-horses out one morning to plow his field, having hired a laborer who lived near to hold the plow for him. You see him in the picture, standing on the wrong side of his team, and driving them awkwardly, holding his whip in both hands.

He should be round on the other side of the horses, and then his whip-hand, which is the right hand, and the one which he needs to use most in managing his team, would be *toward* them. As it is, his right hand is off from them, and he can not do any thing to advantage.

The field is a very smooth and pretty piece of ground. It is shaded on the north by a grove of trees. Near the grove is a man sowing grain in a part of the field that was plowed and harrowed the day before. This man is working awkwardly too, for he is sowing with his left hand. Perhaps, however, he is left-handed.

In the distance we have a very pretty view of the river.

In respect to mounting a horse when you are going to take a ride, the proper side is the left side, because in that case you put your left foot in the stirrup, and then the right limb is the one that you spring with from the ground, and that you throw over the horse's back in getting into the saddle. Now the right limb,

The wrong way of mounting a horse.



THE TUMBLE.

The proper way of mounting a horse.

Learn to do things the right way.

being the strongest, it is easier to spring from it than from the left limb; and it is also easier to throw it over the horse's back, than it would be to throw the left limb over.

In fact, an awkward man, who does not desire to learn to do things in the right way, that is, in the way that experience has proved to be the most convenient way, will sometimes come up to his horse on the right side, and so put his right foot into the stirrup, and then, in attempting to spring into the saddle from his *left* foot, he has not quite strength to accomplish the feat, and falls back again. Sometimes the horse starts when he is half mounted, and the man falls to the ground.

In this engraving you see a representation of such a catastrophe. The man not only attempted to mount his horse in the wrong way, but he attempted it, too, in the wrong place. A careful man never attempts to mount a horse near a high bank, or a precipice, or a quagmire, knowing that if the horse should start, and he be thrown, the case would be very bad with him in the vicinity of such places. 'This man awkwardly and inconsiderately attempted to mount his horse in the wrong way and in the wrong place, and here you see the consequences.

It is always best to learn to do every thing in the right way, even if it should occasion you some trouble at the outset. And there is nothing to which this rule applies more certainly than to the manner of holding the pen in learning to write.

Many children will not take pains to hold their pens in an easy and graceful manner when they begin, and so acquire a cramped and clumsy habit, which clings to them all their lives.

Fanny's first attempt is not very successful.

CHAPTER XIV.

NEW LESSON.

IN about a week, by writing half an hour every forenoon and half an hour every afternoon, and sometimes more, Fanny went through with the Trotting Song, and copied it all. In one of the lines of the second verse, and in two or three of the third, there were a few words which might be made out in respect to their meaning; but, excepting these, the whole writing consisted of perfectly unintelligible and illegible* hieroglyphics. Nevertheless, Timboo seemed so well satisfied with the work that Fanny felt quite encouraged to proceed.

“Let me see,” said Timboo, looking over the writing. “I am going to count up, and ascertain how many good letters you have made.”

So he began to count all the letters which were so far correct in form as to be recognizable, and he found that, although there were very few whole words that were written plainly, there were a great many separate letters that were right. Timboo counted these up, and found there were seventeen.

“You are improving fast,” said he.

“And I can read better too,” said Fanny. “I read aloud to myself half an hour every day.”

* *Illegible* means that which can not be read; *unintelligible*, that which can not be understood.

Timboo proposes that Fanny should read to her mother.

“And do you find that you can read faster and easier than you could when you began?” asked Timboo.

“Yes,” said Fanny, “a great deal.”

“Then,” said Timboo, “I advise you, some day when your mother is not busy, to go with your book, and let her hear you read. She will be glad to find that you are improving.”

“Yes,” said Fanny, “I will.”

“But do not show her your writing yet,” added Timboo. “Wait until you can write plainer. The next lesson that you write will be a great deal plainer.”

“Well,” said Fanny, “I will. Only, Timboo, I want you to let me have the next lesson an easier one.”

“How shall it be easier?” asked Timboo.

“Why, this first lesson,” replied Fanny, “was a very small picture and a great long writing. I want the next one to be a large picture and a little short writing.”

“Well,” said Timboo, “that will be a very good plan; but then, if the writing is going to be short, you must make it up yourself. I’ll give you a large picture, but you must make up the poetry for it yourself.”

“Oh no,” said Fanny. “I could not make up poetry.”

“Then Mark must do it,” said Timboo.

The reason why Timboo suggested that Mark should write the poetry was, that just at this time he happened to see him playing in the garden, at a short distance from the place where he and Fanny were standing. So Timboo called out to him.

“Mark!” said he.

Timboo proposes that Mark should write some poetry.

“Ay! ay!” said Mark. “I hear.”

“Could you write a little poetry for Fanny, about a picture, for her to copy in her magazine-book?”

“Yes,” said Mark. “I’ll do it for her.” So he dropped his playthings, and came running to the place where Timboo and Fanny were standing.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that if you ever propose to a *girl* to do any thing which seems at all difficult, or which she has not been accustomed to do, she almost always says that she can’t do it, and is very unwilling to try, however easy it may really be; whereas, if you ask a *boy*, he always thinks he can do it, and is very eager to try, however *difficult* it may be.

Timboo told Fanny that she might go with Mark into the lodge and get a picture.

“In my lodge,” said he, “you will find a table; in the table you will find a drawer; in the drawer you will find a portfolio; in the portfolio you will find a pocket; in the pocket you will find a number of pictures. Look them over, and choose the largest and best. Then, Mark, you must make some poetry about it—only a few lines—and write it off plainly with a pencil for Fanny to copy. You will find a pencil and some paper in the drawer.”

So Mark and Fanny went off to the lodge with a view of finding a picture. As they passed along toward the table, they stopped, as usual, to look at the pictures which were hanging against the wall, in order to see if there were any new ones.

Timboo had a great many pictures, which he kept in various drawers and boxes, and he was continually bringing out new ones

Plan for having a variety of pictures in the same frames.

to hang upon his walls, so as to make a variety. Accordingly, whenever the children went into his room, they always looked upon the wall to see if there were any new pictures there.

This, I think, was a very excellent plan. Indeed, I have sometimes known grown persons to adopt it with excellent effect, especially in small rooms, and in chambers occupied by children. These persons have several engravings or colored lithographs of the same size, so as to fit the same frames, and then, when one set of pictures has been hung up so long that the children have become familiar with them, they take them down and put new pictures in their places. In such cases they sometimes keep the old pictures still in the frames, only placing them behind the new ones, and then, when the children have had time to become familiar with the new ones and forget the old ones, they change them back again.

It was somewhat on this principle that Timboo acted in continually renewing the pictures in his lodge, and Mark and Fanny always liked to go in and see the new ones.

On this occasion they found two which they had not seen before. They were both pictures of girls going away to school. Each was surrounded with a very pretty frame, which served for a border, and they were hung near together, so as to be companions to each other. This was very proper, since the two pictures, both in respect to the subject of them and the style in which they were respectively executed, were very similar to each other. They were hung, too, at just the right height to enable Mark and Fanny to see them to advantage. Turn over the leaf, and you will see the first one.

Waiting for the stage.



Description of the picture.Riding with the driver.

It represented a girl who was going away to school in a stage-coach. Her father was going with her. Her trunk, and band-box, and bag had been brought out and put under a tree by the roadside, and she was sitting on the trunk waiting for the stage to come. Her father was going away for a moment, saying to her as he went that she might remain there upon the trunk until he came back, and if the coach should come in the mean time, she might let the driver put the baggage on.

“That’s a pleasant place to wait for the stage,” said Fanny.

“Yes,” replied Mark; “and it is a good flat trunk to sit upon.”

The young lady had her parasol in her hand, and she looked as if she did not like very well to have her father go away.

“I should like to take a ride in a stage,” said Mark.

“So should I,” said Fanny.

“Especially if they would let me ride outside with the driver,” said Mark.

“Oh no,” said Fanny, “that would be too high.”

“Not a bit,” replied Mark. “There is no danger.”

“I think there is a great deal of danger,” said Fanny, “in riding so high.”

“No,” said Mark, “there is no danger at all. There is a good seat to sit upon, and an iron to hold on by.”

“But suppose you should upset?” suggested Fanny.

“That would do no harm,” said Mark. “I should be all ready, and as soon as we came to the ground, I should look out for a good smooth grassy place, and scramble off as fast as possible.”

“Oh, Mark,” said Fanny, “you could not do any such thing.”

Fanny prefers the carriage.Noise in the hen-house.

Fanny's attention was now, however, attracted to the second picture, which you see represented on the opposite page.

Here the young lady, instead of being represented as waiting by the road-side, was seated in a handsome carriage. A well-dressed and very genteel-looking boy was standing by the side of the carriage, taking leave of her. He appeared to be also about to spread a shawl over her, as if the morning were cool. The trunk was on in front, by the side of the coachman. There was also a carpet bag. The coachman seemed all ready to set out, and was apparently only waiting for the young lady to give the command to drive on.

"Ah!" said Fanny, "this is the prettiest picture. I would much rather go to school in such a carriage as this than in the stage."

"Oh no," said Mark, "it is a great deal better to go in the stage, because they have four horses."

"No," said Fanny, "I would rather go in a carriage. I should like very much to take a ride to school in such a carriage as this, that is, if I could come home again the next day."

"Ho! ho!" said Mark, "how foolish that would be! But come, let us go and look at the pictures in the drawer."

At this moment, however, the attention of both Mark and Fanny was diverted from the subject of pictures altogether by hearing the sound of a loud cackling and crowing in the hen-house. It happened that the hen-house was in a shed, and that it adjoined Timboo's lodging-room, so that whatever sounds were made there could be heard very distinctly through the partition.

Another picture of waiting for the stage.



The children make a visit to the hen-house.

“Ah!” said Mark, “there’s Old Rickatoo crowing, and there’s a hen cackling besides. Let us go and see if there are any eggs.”

“Well,” said Fanny, “so we will.”

So the children went off into the hen-house. They found two eggs in two different nests, besides the chalk eggs which were left there all the time. They took the two eggs, and carried them into the house to give them to Prudence.

“Did you know,” said Mark, “that Timboo has written a story about Rickatoo in his magazine-book?”

“No,” said Fanny.

“He has,” said Mark, “and it is an excellent good story too. You had better ask him to read it to you some day.”

“I will,” said Fanny.

When Mark and Fanny got into the house, they found Prudence frying some fritters for dinner. It seems there was some company expected at dinner that day. Mark and Fanny asked Prudence to give them some of the fritters, and she said she would give them one apiece. So they took the fritters in a plate, and went out upon the piazza to eat them. They thought no more about the picture they were to choose, or of the poetry that Mark was to write about it, until the middle of the afternoon.

The next chapter contains the account of Rickatoo, the rooster, that Mark referred to as having been written by Timboo in his magazine-book.

CHAPTER XV.

OLD RICKATOO.

ONE morning Oscar's rooster, whose name was Old Rickatoo, found himself gradually coming to his senses, though at first he could not tell where he was.

He opened one eye drowsily.

"Where am I?" said he.

It was quite dark all around him. He turned his head a little, and saw a faint gleam of gray light coming in through a cranny.

"Ah! yes," said he; "this is my coop, and I am on the highest perch in it."

Then, finding himself waking up more and more, he opened the other eye. It was a little lighter on that side, and he saw four of his hens perched by the side of him, all along in a row. There were three on the other side of him, and three more on another perch a little lower.

Old Rickatoo looked about a minute or two longer, watching the light, and then, feeling satisfied that the day was breaking, he stretched his neck and shook his feathers, and then, spreading out his wings and raising himself up on tiptoe, he gave a very loud and rousing crow.

The ten hens all immediately woke up and opened their eyes.

Rickatoo waited quietly nearly five minutes, to allow his hens time to recover their senses, and to find out where they were, and

Different ways in which different animals sleep.

then he crowed again. The hens then began to move about a little and stretch their necks, and to shake and smooth down their feathers. They knew that it was morning, and that it was time for them to get down.

Children get *up* in the morning, but hens get *down*, for they sleep on perches high in the air.*

* The reason why hens sleep on perches is this: In their natural state they live in the woods, and there are a great many wild animals, such as wild-cats, minks, raccoons, and foxes, that are always prowling about in the grass and under the bushes



THE WILD-CAT.

in the night, and if the hens were to sleep in nests, in such places, they would all be caught and devoured, and the race would be extinct. Here is a picture of a wild-cat that has caught a hare. Hens would be caught too, in the same way, if they were within their reach. In order to save them from this danger, they are formed in such a manner as to enable them to sleep on the limbs

and branches of the trees. They are provided with strong claws, which clasp the branch that they stand upon, and hold them there firmly all night, even while they are asleep. Being thus provided with these peculiar claws, and with the instinct of perching for their protection, in the wild state, they retain the propensity when domesticated by man, although there is no longer any necessity for it. When they have a good, secure, and spacious house to live in, like the one which Timboo had made for Rickatoo and his family, they might just as well go to bed in their nests and sleep quietly, with their legs drawn up under their feathers. But they never do sleep in their nests unless they have eggs to hatch or chickens to take care of.

Pattry and Flippe.

Singular modes of sleeping.

Story of the doctor.

At the very end of the lowermost perch in Rickatoo's house was a feeble hen named Pattry. The hen next her was large and strong. Her name was Flippe. Flippe, seeing poor Pattry perched near, stepped sideways toward her and pecked at her. Pattry moved meekly farther along upon the perch, so as to be out of the way.

Flippe, in the mean and ungenerous disposition which she thus evinced to tyrannize over and torment the unfortunate, manifested a very different spirit from Dolphin, Carroll's Newfoundland dog. Dolphin one day, in walking in the road near the house, found a poor, sick little pug crawling along helplessly under the



BAT ASLEEP.

Some animals sleep at night in still more extraordinary positions than that of the hens. Here is a representation of the manner in which the bat sleeps, hanging by his claws to the bark of a tree. The house-fly, too, sleeps clinging to the ceiling of the room overhead, in a position which we should consider upside down, though I have no doubt it is easy and natural enough to him. To us, however, it seems wonderful that he does not let go his hold in his sleep, and fall down to the floor.

I have heard of soldiers who, when wearied with long marches, could sleep on horseback. And once a story was told me of a physician, who, after being out very late one night, came to his senses suddenly toward morning, and found himself waking up out of sleep on his horse in the barn!

Old Rickatoo flies down from his perch.

bushes, shivering and cold. As soon as he saw him he had pity on him, and he took him up by the neck gently, as a cat would a kitten. He put him down on some straw in a warm corner by the shed, and then went away and found him a bone. In a few days Pug got well.

When Old Rickatoo found that his hens were awake, he spread his wings, sprang from his perch, and flew down to the ground. The hens then began to fly down also, two or three at a time. They made a great fluttering in doing this, and the wind of their wings made the dust, and straw, and feathers fly that lay upon the floor.

For a moment two or three sleepy hens were left upon the perch, but they, finding that all the rest were going, concluded to rouse themselves and go too.

There was an old mother hen sitting upon her nest in a box in a corner, with ten chickens under her wings. She clucked to her chickens to tell them to lie still. It was too early for them to leave their nest. One little chicken, more curious or more disobedient than the rest, crept out a little way to see, but her mother called her to come back immediately, and she came.

Old Rickatoo walked out through a little door which Timboo had left open for him into the open air. He stepped in a proud and stately manner, and yet he walked circumspectly, and looked around him on every side, to see that there was no danger near. He wished to be sure that the minks, and foxes, and other wild beasts of the night had all gone away, otherwise he feared that they might catch some of his hens.

Picture of him.

He is convinced that it is morning.



RICKATOO.

Besides, he was not quite sure that it was morning.

He saw a large round moon in the sky, low down in the west, and one star not very far from it.

“Perhaps it is not morning,” said he to himself. “I will fly up upon this fence and see.”

So he flew up upon the fence and looked around. There was a broad stripe of rosy-colored light extending itself across the whole eastern sky.

“All right,” said he.

He then clapped his wings and gave a long and loud crow.

He looked down upon his hens, who were walking along the

Rickatoo wakes Prudence up.

Fanny concludes to go and read to her mother.

path below him, and thought it was too early yet for them to find much food by scratching for it on the ground.

“I will wake Prudence up,” said he, “and Timboo; and when they come to open the back doors, they will throw us out some crumbs.”

So he crowed again as loud as he could, and then again, and then once more.

Prudence heard the sound, opened her eyes, looked toward the window, and, seeing the broad rosy light in the eastern sky, she said, “It is morning. I must get up.”

CHAPTER XVI.

JACKET JOHN.

AFTER a time, when the children had finished their fritters, Fanny said that she was going into the house to read to her mother.

“Oh no,” said Mark. “Stay here and play with me.”

“I’ll come back presently,” said Fanny, “but I must go now and read to my mother. I want her to see how fast I am making improvement.”

Fanny, however, said that she would come back soon, and Mark promised that he would wait for her in the garden. So she went in. She found her mother in her chamber, dressing for the dinner-party.

“I shall be ready pretty soon,” said her mother, “and then I shall be very glad to hear you read.”

Fanny reads to her mother.

Her mother's surprise.



READING.

Accordingly, in a few minutes Mrs. Cheveril was ready, and taking her seat in a chair, she called Fanny to her side, that she might hear her read. Mrs. Cheveril was quite surprised to find how much Fanny had improved.

“I am reading to myself every day—twice every day, and I am improving very fast,” said Fanny.

“I am very glad to hear that,” said Mrs. Cheveril.

“And I am learning to write too,” said Fanny. “But I’m not going to show you any of my writing until I can write a little better. Timboo says I had better not.”

“Then your reading and writing in this way is one of Timboo’s plans?” said Mrs. Cheveril.

“Yes, mother,” said Fanny.

“I’m sure I’m very much obliged to Timboo,” said Mrs. Cheveril. “It will be an excellent thing for you to improve in reading, and to get a little start in writing too, before you go to school.”

Fanny had a great mind to tell her mother that her design in taking so much pains to learn to read and write at home was to

Fanny and Mark go into the lodge to find a picture.

avoid the necessity of going to school at all, but she finally concluded not to mention this plan at present.

Besides, she was prevented from conversing with her mother any longer at this time by hearing Mark's voice calling to her from the foot of the stairs. On going to the stairs, Fanny found that Mark wanted her to go out to Timboo's lodge and choose the picture.

"We came very near forgetting all about it," said Mark.

"Yes," said Fanny, "so we did. I will come this very minute."

So Fanny went back and told her mother that she was going with Mark out into the lodge. She explained to her mother that Mark was going to compose some poetry for her to copy, and that they were going to look for a picture for the subject of it.

"Very well," said her mother. In fact, Mrs. Cheveril was glad to have Mark and Fanny go, for it was now drawing near the hour for her company to come. The children were not to dine with the company that day, but were to have their dinner afterward, under Prudence's care.

So Mark and Fanny went out into the lodge, and, after placing two seats at the table, they opened the drawer and took out the portfolio; and then, opening the portfolio, they took the pictures out of the pocket of it, and began to look them over. It was some time before Fanny could make a choice. She rejected one because it was too small, and another because it was not the right shape, and others for different reasons still.

For example, there was one which represented a man and two

Picture of soldiers coming.

Fanny rejects it.

Her reasons.



THE SOLDIERS.

children looking at a troop of soldiers marching in a valley. The man, as you see, stands in the foreground, in the road, with his back to the spectator. A boy is seen standing on a bank near him, pointing toward the troops, and a girl behind the bank, with the

branch of a tree in her hands.

“That’s a pretty picture,” said Mark. “I can make up some poetry about that. I can begin, Rub dub a dub; and then I can say something about a club or a hubbub.”

“No,” said Fanny, “I don’t think that would be pretty; and besides, I can’t see the soldiers plain enough in this picture.”

“Yes,” said Mark, “we can see them very plain. I can see six men marching together in front, with their guns by their sides. They are carrying arms.

“CARRY—ARMS!” he added, speaking in a military style.

“Then I can see a man on horseback on one side,” said Mark. “I expect he is the general. In the middle of the soldiers is the banner. I see it waving in the air.”

Another picture examined and rejected.

"Yes," said Fanny; "but I don't like that picture very well. Besides, it is not a pretty house. The chimney is leaning all over to one side."

In saying this, Fanny was looking at the building which we see in the distance, behind the boy.

"That is not a house!" said Mark; "that is a wind-mill: what you call a chimney is one of the sails."

Fanny saw that the building was a wind-mill, and thus that one of her objections to it was removed; but still, she thought she would not choose it, and so they passed on.

There was another picture which represented a boy putting a jug of water upon a girl's head.



UGLY BONNET.

"What is he doing it for?" inquired Fanny.

"Why, so as to enable her to carry it home," answered Mark. "In some countries, it is customary for the people to carry things on their heads, and they are taught to

do it when they are little children.

"I suppose," continued Mark, "that there must be a spring

Fanny makes many objections to this picture.

there under the bushes, and that that girl came out to get some water, and now the boy is helping her to put the jug on her head."

"It will fall, I am sure," said Fanny.

"Oh no," said Mark; "she will carry it along as steady as if it was on a table. We might have this for the picture," he continued. "I think I could make some poetry about it. What is there to rhyme with jug?"

"Pitcher?" suggested Fanny, timidly.

"Oh no," said Mark; "I mean to *rhyme* with it. There's plug, and jug."

"No," said Fanny, "I don't want any thing about plugs and jugs; and I am sure, too, that the jug will fall. Besides," she added, "the girl has not got a pretty bonnet."

Thus, the more Fanny considered the case, the more she was decided not to have this picture.

So they went on looking at more pictures, but it was some time before they could be suited. Fanny seemed to be very particular in her choice.

At length, however, she found one which seemed to please her very much. It represented a farmer prying out a stone. Near him was a boy with a large jacket on, watching the operation. There was another boy, too, looking through a fence. This boy was barefooted.

Fanny said that she should like this picture, if Mark could write some poetry about it. So Mark set himself at work, and in a short time produced two stanzas, which he wrote on a paper to be placed under the picture, as follows:

Mark's poetry.Some account of the triplichord.

JACKET JOHN.

Jacket John
Is looking on,
To see his father hoist a stone ;
Barefoot Joe
Is peeping through,
Wondering what they're going to do.

Fanny was extremely pleased with the poetry, and as Mark wrote it for her in a very plain and distinct hand, it made an excellent writing-lesson for her.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TRIPLICHORD.

TIMBOO invented a musical instrument which he called a triplichord. Mark, however, and Fanny, finding the word triplichord rather hard to pronounce, commonly called it a banjo.

The triplichord, as its name imports, consisted of three strings stretched up and down upon the wall of the room. The way in which it happened that Timboo invented the instrument was this :

One day Mark was in the lodge with Timboo, when it happened that a string was wanted for some purpose or other, and Mark, feeling in his pocket for one, drew out a piece of an old base-viol string which he had found in a drawer in the house, and which his mother had given him.

"Here is a string," said Mark, showing it to Timboo ; "but then, I suppose, it is not good for any thing, it is so stiff."

Timboo examines the string.

He thinks there is some music in it yet.

Timboo took the string, and examined it with a great deal of interest.

“It is a music string,” said he.

“Yes,” said Mark. “It used to be on my father’s base-viol, but it got too short.”

“Yes,” said Timboo, “I see. There has been a great deal of music got out of that string, I warrant, in days gone by, and I believe there is some left in it yet.”

Mark appeared much pleased at the discovery of a latent value in his string.

Timboo immediately began to make a loop in one end of the string, by doubling it over upon itself, and tying a knot. He then took a hammer and a nail out of a drawer where he kept such things, and passing the point of the nail through the loop, he drove the nail into one of the boards which formed the wall of the room, not far from his table. Then, for the other end of the string, he took out from the drawer a small screw, with an eye on the end of it. This screw was of the kind commonly used for fastening down stair-carpets, the eye being intended to receive the end of the carpet-rod, and to hold it in its place in the angle of the stair. Timboo, having already secured one end of the string to its place by means of the nail, now passed the other end through the eye of the screw, and tied it. He next stretched the string down the wall, in order to measure the space, and then, with a small bradawl, he made a hole in the board where the end of it came. He screwed the screw into this hole by means of a pair of nippers. As the screw went in, the end of the string was wound round and

Timboo attaches the string to the wall and tunes it.

round upon the shank of it, and thus the string itself was drawn very tense.

“There!” said Timboo; “now, by giving the screw a little turn, I can tune up the string just as I please. But first I must have some bridges.”

So Timboo, with his knife, cut out two little bars of wood, and these he slipped under the two ends of the string, putting one of them near the upper end of the string, by the nail, and another near the lower end, by the screw. These bars served to support the string from contact with the board beneath it, and to furnish, what is always necessary in such cases, distinct and well-defined limits to the range of vibration.

Having placed the bridges in their position, Timboo began to sound the string with his finger, making, at the same time, himself a humming sound in unison with the tone of it.

“Tum, tum, tum,” said the string.

“Hm—hm—hm,” sang Timboo.

“Yes,” he added, “there’s a great deal of music in this string yet, I see plainly.”

Then, taking the pitch thus from the string, he began to sing Joliba’s song, touching the string now and then, whenever he came to any note that would harmonize with it, thus :

“Love-ly Ro-sa, Sam-bo come ; don’t you hear the banjo ?
tum, tum, tum.”

Mark threw back his head, and laughed loud and long with delight.

Joliba’s song was, in truth, a very suitable one to be sung with

Timboo sings the Invitation Song, and plays the accompaniment.

such an accompaniment, for the music of it was simple enough to comport exceedingly well with the humble character of the instrument.

“Sing it again,” said Mark, when Timboo stopped.

So Timboo sang it again.

Mark then ran off to get Fanny, and when he returned with her, Timboo sang the song again to both, and the performance elicited great applause.

“Now sing us something else,” said Mark.

“Sing us the Invitation Song,” said Fanny.

The Invitation Song was a song which Fanny had learned from a book called “Wallace,” one of the Franconia Stories. It was as follows :

“THE INVITATION SONG.

“Come and see me, Mary Ann,
This afternoon at three ;
Come as early as you can,
And stay till after tea.

“We’ll jump the rope, we’ll dress the doll,
We’ll feed my sister’s birds,
And read my little story-books,
All full of easy words.

“So come and see me, Mary Ann,
This afternoon at three ;
Come as early as you can,
And stay till after tea.”

Timboo was joined by both Mark and Fanny in singing the Invitation Song, they having both learned it by hearing their mother

Mark wishes to have a picture placed over it.

play it upon the piano, from the notes of it which were given in the book. The sound of the string which Timboo touched at every note of the tune with which it would harmonize had a very pretty effect, and the children were very much pleased.

“It is a very good banjo,” said Mark. “And now, Timboo, put a picture up over it for an ornament.”

“What sort of a picture?” asked Timboo.

“Oh, some sort of a musical picture,” replied Mark. “You can find one, I’ve no doubt, in your drawer.”

Timboo opened his drawer and began to look. Mark and Fanny looked with him. They found several pictures which related more or less directly to the subject of music, but none of them seemed entirely suitable. At last they found one which both Mark and Fanny said would be exactly the thing. You see a representation of it on the opposite page.

It represented a girl at school sitting on a bed, and playing a violin for her schoolmates to dance by. The teacher was just coming in at the door.

“She will give the girl a good scolding, in my opinion,” said Fanny.

“Oh no,” said Mark; “they are only having a little fun. The teacher won’t care.”

“Well,” said Fanny, “if you think the teacher won’t care, then we will have this picture.”

So Timboo put a frame around this picture, and hung it up over the musical string.

A few days after this, Mark found another string that was small-

The picture that they selected.



Two more strings.

The name.

Fanny's progress in learning.

er and more slender than the first one, and Timboo put the new one up by the side of the other, and tuned it a third higher. Timboo also made a string of silk, which he twisted for the purpose, and this he tuned a fifth above the first one. Thus he had a key note, and also its third and fifth, and with these three notes he found that he could play a very good accompaniment to almost any tune.

With these three strings the instrument was complete, and then it was that Timboo gave it the name Triplichord.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FANNY'S IMPROVEMENT.

IN the course of a fortnight, Fanny, by practicing every day for half an hour, made great progress in learning to write. She began to be able, at the end of that time, to write quite legibly. She accordingly proposed to Timboo that she should show some of her work to her mother.

Mrs. Cheveril had often seen Fanny busily engaged with a paper and a pencil, but she supposed that she was only amusing herself in drawing horses or men, or in some other childish occupation, and had no idea of the serious efforts that she was making to learn to write. The weather, in the mean time, had not become settled, and so no arrangement had yet been made for sending Fanny to school.

“Do you think that I can write well enough yet,” said Fanny, “to show the writing to my mother?”

Timboo cautions Fanny against taking too much pains.

“Yes,” replied Timboo, “and you shall write a piece on purpose to show to her. Only you must be careful not to take too much pains.”

“Too much pains!” said Mark, surprised, for Mark was standing by during this conversation. “I did not know that we could take too much pains.”

“*You* can not,” said Timboo, “but Fanny can.”

“Why can not I,” asked Mark, “as well as Fanny?”

“Because you are a boy,” replied Timboo. “Boys never take too much pains, or, at least, they very seldom do. They dash on, right or wrong; but girls are more timid and cautious, and they often fail of doing as well as they might by taking too much pains.”

Fanny said that if Timboo would give her something to copy, she would write as well as she could, and she would be very careful not to take too much pains.

Timboo asked Fanny whether she would prefer to have the writing which she was to show her mother in prose or in poetry.

“In poetry,” said Fanny. “I can write poetry better than I can prose; and, besides, it looks prettier to have it in lines.”

There was another reason why Fanny liked poetry to copy, and that was, that the lines did not extend the whole length of the page, and so she could get along down the page faster.

“And do you want a picture to put at the top?” asked Timboo.

“Yes,” said Fanny, “I must certainly have a picture.”

There were two reasons why Fanny wished for a picture. One was, that it would make her exercise look prettier when it was

Fanny asks for a new song.She chooses a picture.

presented to her mother, and the other was, that the picture would take up a good deal of the paper, and she would, consequently, not have so much to write to get down the page.

“Well,” said Timboo, “go and choose such a picture as you would like, and bring it to me, and I will see if I can write you some poetry about it.”

So Fanny went up stairs to the drawer where she kept her pictures, and there, after much hesitation, doubt, and delay, she finally decided on one which represented two young children standing at a cottage door and looking at some snow-birds. She brought this picture to Timboo.



THE SNOW-BIRDS.

“Yes,” said Timboo, “it is a very pretty one. Leave it with me, and I will think of it while I am at my work this afternoon, and see if I can make some poetry. It shall be what I suppose the children are saying to the snow-birds. Come to me to-morrow morning, and I will have it ready for you.”

The song of the children to the snow-birds.

The next morning, accordingly, Fanny came out to find Timboo, and he read to her the following lines :

THE CHILDREN TO THE SNOW-BIRDS.

Birdies ! pretty birdies ! hopping on the snow,
When I go to bed at night, I wonder where you go ?

Birdies ! pretty birdies ! fly up upon the trees :
You've got no stockings on your feet ; they certainly will freeze.

Or else—indeed I rather think—perhaps it would be best
For you to find some pretty bush, and build a little nest.

Birdies ! pretty birdies ! hopping on the snow,
We can't stay with you any more ; 'tis cold, and we must go.

Fanny was extremely pleased with this song, as she called it, and she copied it quite neatly on the sheet of paper which Timboo gave her for the purpose. She finished it in two days. Timboo advised her not to attempt to do it in less time than that. He advised her only to attempt to write two lines in the forenoon, and two in the afternoon, until it was completed, and this, of course, as there are eight lines in the piece, required two days.

When the writing was finished, Fanny carried it to Timboo, and he gummed the picture at the head of the sheet, a space having been left there for the purpose. Fanny then carried the sheet to her mother.

Mrs. Cheveril was quite surprised, and she was pleased even more than she was surprised, to find what an excellent beginning Fanny had made in learning to write.

“And how long is it, since you have been trying to learn ?” asked her mother.

How and when Fanny used to write.Mark's visits.

“About two weeks,” said Fanny.

“Only two weeks!” rejoined her mother. “You have made very rapid progress. I doubt whether you would have learned faster if you had been at school.”

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BUTTERFLY SONG.

WHEN Fanny first began to learn to write, the work was so difficult that it required a great deal of resolution on her part to persevere in the accomplishment of her task day by day. After a little time, however, she began to take pleasure in it. Sometimes she wrote at a table which stood by a window in her room, and sometimes she wrote in the lodge, at Timboo's table. Timboo gave her a book, and some little white wafers to fasten the pictures with on the pages of the book. She usually put a picture upon the upper part of the page, and then wrote something, either poetry or prose, below. Sometimes, however, she would write her piece in the middle of the page, not having any picture at all.

Mark often came into the lodge while she was there, and, if Timboo chanced to come in at the same time, the children would ask him to play on the triplichord, and sing them a song. They would generally, at such times, join him in the music, especially in the chorus, if there was one. After a time, Mark learned to play on the instrument himself.

One pleasant evening, just before sunset, Fanny found Timboo in the garden, just finishing his work for the day.

Fanny asks for still another song.She and Timboo see a butterfly.

“Timboo,” said she, “I wish you would make us up some new songs to sing and play. We know all the old ones.”

“Very well,” said Timboo. “I’ll try and see if I can make you *one* new one, at any rate. What shall it be about?”

“I don’t know,” said Fanny. “Let me think.”

“I must carry these tools in first,” said Timboo, “and then I will talk with you about it.”

“Well,” said Fanny, “let me help.”

So Timboo gave Fanny a basket which contained the seeds that he had been sowing, while he himself carried the rake and the spade. In this way they proceeded to the lodge.

After placing the tools and the basket where they belonged, Timboo returned with Fanny to the garden to look about for something which might suggest a subject for a song. While they were walking thus, a very large butterfly came fluttering along over the beds of the garden. It alighted on a currant-bush near, and Fanny ran to see it.

“What a pretty butterfly!” said she. “What pretty wings! There, he’s going away! I wish he would stay still a minute and let me see him.”

Fanny ran along in pursuit of the butterfly, and Timboo followed her.

“He’s very pretty!” said Fanny. “How pretty it would be if he could sing a little song, like a bird!”

“Yes,” said Timboo, “that would be very pretty indeed.”

“His wings are very bright,” said Fanny, “all covered over with black and yellow spots. He won’t stay still, Timboo, any

Timboo proposes to write about him.The song.

where. I might catch him if I had Mark's cap; but I would not. It would hurt him, or frighten him at least, and that would be wrong. There he goes, flying away over the fence! Well, let him go."

Then Fanny returned to Timboo, and they went walking along together as before.

"I think," said Timboo, "I might write a song about the butterfly."

"Well," said Fanny, "I should like that."

"It will be a very good subject," said Timboo.

"And we can sing it," said Fanny; "and then, besides, I could write it in my book."

"Yes," said Timboo.

"Especially," said Fanny, "if I could find a picture of a butterfly."

"Perhaps you can," said Timboo.

"With some children looking at him," said Fanny.

"Yes," said Timboo, "that would be just the thing."

So it was arranged that Timboo was that evening to write the song, and that Fanny was to look over all her books and pictures to see if she could find any design that would serve as an illustration for it. The next morning Timboo produced his song, as follows:

I SEE A BUTTERFLY.

I see a butterfly, fluttering along;

His wings are very bright and gay,

I wish he would not fly away;

How pretty it would be if he would sing a little song!

Fanny tries to find a picture to illustrate the song.

I see a butterfly, fluttering along ;
His wings are very bright and gay,
But I will *let* him fly away ;
To hurt him or to frighten him would certainly be wrong.

Fanny had quite a store of pictures in a drawer in her room, and she looked them all over very carefully during the evening, while Timboo was writing the song, in hopes of finding one to illustrate it. There was one picture representing a boy chasing a butterfly, but this, she thought, would hardly do ; and when, the next morning, Timboo read her the lines while he was at his breakfast in the kitchen, she saw at once that it would not do at all. She was very much pleased indeed with the song, and she was very desirous to have a picture that would illustrate the spirit of it truly.

“We don’t want an ugly boy trying to catch a poor butterfly,” said she, in a tone of contempt. “We want some children looking at him, but not troubling him at all.”

“Yes,” said Timboo, “that’s what we want.”

“If you had only learned to draw,” said Timboo, “you could make one.”

“So I could,” said Fanny. “I wish I had learned to draw. I mean to learn to draw some day.”

“Perhaps,” said Timboo, “you could find a picture of some children standing in a garden, without any butterfly, and then you could draw the butterfly in the air where they are looking. It is not much to draw just a butterfly, you know. It is only a body and two wings.”

Fanny finds one that will do, only it has no butterfly.

Fanny was very much pleased with this suggestion. She had a picture, she said, that she thought would do exactly.

"But then," she added, "I am afraid I could not draw the butterfly very well."

"Why, you can see how to draw him," said Timboo, "by looking on the picture where the boys are chasing one."

"So I can," said Fanny.

Fanny accordingly ran up stairs to look over her pictures again, to find the one which Timboo had referred to, and in a few min-

utes she returned, bringing it with her. It represented two children taking a walk together. In front of the children, at a little distance, was a round martin-house on a tall pole, with a martin flying near it. The boy was looking up toward this martin-house, and pointing to it at the same time with his finger. Fanny laid this picture down upon the



CHILDREN LOOKING.

table before Timboo, saying,

"There, Timboo, I think that will do. We can make a butterfly in the air between the boy and the martin-house, and we

The picture.The house where the children lived.

can make believe that it is the butterfly, and not the martins that he is looking at."

"Yes," said Timboo, "that will do very well indeed."

Timboo said that the picture could not have been better, if it had been made expressly for their purpose.

There were various other objects of interest in this picture besides the children and the martin-house. Directly before the children there stood a rooster and a hen. The rooster was turning one eye toward the children to watch them. The hen was picking up something from the ground. Under the martin-house, and near the foot of the pole, were two straw bee-hives, with shrubbery around them. Farther back were some lambs frolicking in a field, and a cow. On the right, a little beyond the children, was to be seen part of a cottage. I suppose it must have been the place where the children lived.

Fanny succeeded very well in putting in the butterfly in the picture. She took care to place it in the right position for the boy to seem to be looking at it. It came in the white space which in the picture forms the side of the distant mountain.

Before attempting, however, to draw the butterfly in the picture, Fanny practiced on a separate piece of paper until she could draw it well.

When the drawing was made, she wafered the picture on the upper part of one of the pages of her book, and copied the song in neatly below; and that afternoon, Timboo, Mark, and Fanny sang it together, very merrily, with the triplichord accompaniment.

CHAPTER XX.

THE STORM AT SEA.

TIMBOO used often to tell the children stories. His stories were always entertaining; for, even when there was nothing very remarkable in the facts themselves, the manner in which he narrated them was so peculiar as always greatly to excite the imaginations of his auditors.

One rainy evening toward midsummer, Timboo was sitting by the fire in the kitchen, splicing a clothes-line for Prudence, when Mark and Fanny came out and asked him to tell them a story. Prudence was busy here and there about the kitchen at the time, but she joined in the request. The following dialogue occurred:

"Come, Timboo," said Mark, "tell us something about your voyages. Did you ever have any great storms at sea?"

"Yes," said Timboo, "I had one once, when I was coming across the Atlantic in a steamer."

"Tell us all about it," said Mark.

"Why, you see," said Timboo, "when we left Liverpool the weather was southerly, and it looked very pleasant, and so the captain concluded to come north about."

"What do you mean by north about?" asked Mark.

"Why, round the northern end of Ireland," said Timboo. "That's the best way when the weather favors. So, when we got out of the river, we turned to the northward and sailed along the

Timboo's voyage.

Waking up at sea.

The storm.

coast. We amused ourselves by looking at the cliffs which lined the shore, and at the fishing-boats and sail-boats that were going and coming over the smooth water. At last we got clear of the land, and we went on very well for a while, but the fourth day out it came on to blow.



THE ENGLISH COAST.

“The first that I knew of it,” continued Timboo, “was, I woke up about two o’clock in the morning, and found that the ship was writhing, and twisting, and struggling, and groaning, as if some great sea-monster or other had got hold of her, and she was trying to get away. ‘Ah!’ says I to myself, ‘we’ve got a storm coming on.’”

“And what did you do?” asked Mark, eagerly.

“Oh, I turned over on the other side,” said Timboo, “and brought my knees to a bearing against the front edge of my berth, so as to steady myself in the lurches, and then went to sleep again.”

“My!” exclaimed Prudence. “I could not have shut my eyes.”

“Oh, I knew that the old ship would fight the battle out man-

Timboo's description of the berths in a steamer.

fully," said Timboo; "and besides, I could not do any thing to help her, so I might as well stay in my berth and go to sleep."

"What sort of a place is a berth?" asked Mark.

"It is a sort of shelf in a closet," said Timboo, "that people sleep on at sea."

"Sleep on a shelf!" exclaimed Prudence.

"Yes," said Timboo. "You see, on board a great steamer, we have ever so many closets built, all along the sides of the ship, around the cabins, and each closet has two shelves in it, one above the other, for two people to sleep on. They call them berths. The lower berth is easy to get in, but the upper one is quite high, and you have to climb up to it."

"My!" exclaimed Prudence again. "I would rather sleep on a hay-mow."

"Oh, you can sleep very well in a berth," said Timboo. "There is a narrow board along the front edge of the shelf to keep you from rolling out. I went to sleep holding on to this board, but in about two hours I waked up again and heard a dreadful din."

"What was it?" asked Mark.

"It was the noise and uproar of the great seas from Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla," replied Timboo, "coming down to fight the ship and drive her out of the sea. They came on in immense troops, roaring, and howling, and tumbling over each other, and tossing up their heads and arms, and making a dreadful uproar. The ship went on as long as she could without regarding them, but when she found she could not get away, she turned round and pitched into them, head and shoulders."

The battle between the waves and the steamer.

“Which beat?” asked Mark.

“Oh, it was a long battle,” said Timboo. “I lay still in my berth and listened. The seas would come on with a dreadful fury, and beat against the head and shoulders of the ship with the most thundering thumps and concussions, that made her tremble from stem to stern, and stagger as if she were stunned. Sometimes a troop of the monsters would break over on board, and then they would run along as fast as possible all over the decks, into every corner, and down through every seam, and crevice, and cranny that they could open or find open, to see what there was below. They would drip down into the state-rooms, and frighten the nurses and children, and wet the berths and blankets, and do all the mischief they could.”

“The rogues!” said Mark.

“These surges attacked our steamer more furiously than any thing else,” continued Timboo, “but they beat and buffeted every thing that they met on the way as they came along. I looked out of the bull’s eye in my state-room, and there I saw a schooner at a little distance from us, fighting it out with them. They dashed at her with all possible fury, but the little schooner stood it out nobly. Just in the midst of it, a long and bright chain of lightning flashed across the sky, and immediately after the lightning, a loud, rattling peal of tremendous thunder. At the same instant, a monster of a sea dashed over the bows of the schooner, and came down in an immense torrent of spray and foam all over her decks, and ran about there, knocking every thing to pieces, and doing all the mischief he could find to do.”

Old Billoo.

He raises a gang.

He breaks on board the ship.



THE SCHOONER.

Here is a picture of the schooner, as Timboo saw her from the bull's-eye window in the side of his state-room.

“At last there was one dreadful fellow that came along,” continued Timboo. “His name was Billoo. He came down from the coast of Greenland; and when he saw the ship, he was in a terrible fury. He got together a gang of fellows around him as wild and furious as he was himself. ‘Come

on,’ says he, ‘my hearties, and we’ll drive this old, smoking, paddling manufactory to the bottom. She’s no business here.’ So they all got together directly before the ship, and they tossed up their heads, and roared, and howled, and raged like so many demons, and when they got to the ship, they came upon her with a most thundering concussion. Old Billoo himself struck the hardest. He tore away the figure-head, and stove in the bulwarks, and smashed in the cover of the skylight, and sent down a deluge of water into the fore-cabin, and broke up one of the paddle-boxes, making a dreadful crash, and scattering the pieces in every direction over the sea. There was a large saloon on the deck, with a great many passengers in it clinging to the tables. Old Billoo meant to have swept this saloon off, passengers and all, into the sea, but he could not quite do this. His strength was spent be-

Old Billoo attempts to carry away the light-house.

fore he got to the saloon, so he had to scramble off as fast as he could, under the bulwarks and through the scuppers, back to where he belonged.”

“What a fellow!” said Mark.

“He was a terrible fellow, indeed,” said Timboo.

“While Billoo was doing this,” continued Timboo, “there was another fellow just like him, who said to the rest, ‘Let’s go and pitch into the light-house on the coast, and knock it over, and put

out the light, and if the old ship does get away from us, she can’t find her way into port, but will run on the rocks in the night, and so get dashed to pieces.’”

Here is a picture of the seas attempting to overturn the light-house, as described in Timboo’s story. In the distance we see a ship scudding under top-sails in the storm, and trying to get in, to port.



THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

Attack made by the winds.

The ship escapes.

Her arrival.

“Then, besides these seas attacking the ship below,” he continued, “the winds made a great onset upon her above. They thought she was some mill or manufactory that had come off from the land to intrude on their domains, and they were in a dreadful fury. ‘What business has the lubbering old grinding engine out here,’ said they, ‘with its water-wheels and its black chimney, puffing the smoke in our faces, and making a mill-tail through our blue water?’ So they made a dash at the ship, and seized her by the topmast. The topmast held on as hard as he could, with all his ropes, but it was in vain. The ropes snapped one after another, and at length the mast gave way, and the winds carried it off, creaking and flapping through the air, and finally dashed it into the sea a quarter of a mile astern.”

“I declare!” exclaimed Mark. “I should like to have seen it.”

“You would have been dreadfully frightened,” said Timboo.

“Oh no,” said Mark, “I should not have been frightened at all. I would have held on to some of the ropes so tight that the wind could not blow me away.”

“The battle went on so,” continued Timboo, “for about eighteen hours, until the winds and seas began to get tired out, and then the ship turned round again, and began to go on in her course. But the winds and the waves, though beaten back, did not give up entirely. They chased her, howling, and roaring, and hissing at her, and knocking her about all the way to New York—to the very mouth of the harbor.”

Here is a picture of the steamer, as Timboo described her, just getting into smooth water at the mouth of the harbor.

The ship comes safely into port.The end of the story.



THE ESCAPE.

“As soon as the old ship got fairly into the sheltered water,” continued Timboo, “out of the way of her enemies, she run up her flag, and shook it back at them in defiance. When she got up to town she fired two guns in token of victory.”

Here Mark clapped his hands, and said “Good!” his eyes beaming with excitement and pleasure.

“Is that all?” said Mark to Timboo, after a short pause.

“Yes,” said Timboo, “that is the whole story.”

Mark drew a long breath, and said he was very glad that the ship got safe into port.

Timboo's songs.

The first song.

Off and On.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SONGS.

TIMBOO wrote a variety of songs, as Fanny called them, for Fanny to copy in her book. Some of these songs he made tunes for, and the children used to sing them in the lodge, with the accompaniment of the triplichord.

One of these pieces was a dialogue between two girls named Mary Ann and Mary Jane. The piece was entitled OFF AND ON, and was as follows :

OFF AND ON.

MARY JANE.

Ah! Mary Ann, you're coming in,
I'm sure I'm glad enough;
All this day long where have you been?
Come, take your bonnet off.

MARY ANN.

No, Mary Jane, I can not stay—
I just came in for fun—
And as I soon must go away,
I'll keep my bonnet on.

MARY JANE.

Ah! yes: you see I can't go out,
Because I've got a cough;
There's ever so much to talk about—
Come, take your bonnet off.

Playing the accompaniment.The Robin Song.

MARY ANN.

Ah! no: 'tis nearly time, you see,
For school to be begun,
And so it will be best for me
To keep my bonnet on.

Timboo made some music for this song too, so that Mark and Fanny could sing it. In the performance of the music, Mark personated Mary Jane, and Fanny Mary Ann, and each would sing a verse in turn, Timboo all the time playing an accompaniment on the triplichord.

Then there was the song of THE ROBIN, which Fanny copied into her book under the picture of a robin, thus:



THE ROBIN.

The robin hops upon the ground,
His wings are folded by his side,
And yet he harks to every sound,
And watches round him far and wide.

The riddles.

Tic, tic, toc.

Answer to be guessed.

I will not hurt the little bird,
 I will not frighten him away ;
 I will not, Bobby, on my word—
 You need not be afraid to stay.

 I'll go and get a piece of bread,
 And scatter little crumbs along ;
 Then he will not be so afraid,
 And maybe he will sing a song.

 Perhaps somewhere he has a nest,
 With little robins lying there,
 And while they sleep and take their rest,
 He flies about, no matter where.

 How I should like to have such wings !
 He likes to use them, I'll engage.
 How loud and merrily he sings !
 I'm glad he is not in a cage.

There were also several riddles. Here is one of them :

TIC, TIC, TOC.

I have no legs, and yet I run, but could not run a race ;
 In fact, I'm running all the time, yet never change my place,
 And I always keep my hands moving round about my face.
 I have a little key, but it has not any lock,
 And I always keep a talking with my tic, tic, toc.
 By this time I suppose you know that I must be the ——.

The last word was not written. Timboo left it for the reader of the riddle to guess what it must be.

Fanny was very much pleased with this riddle, and particularly so because the last word was left for her to guess. She guessed it very readily.

The hornet's work.

Flying all about.

Another contrivance.

Another riddle was this :

THE HORNET'S WORK.

What some things dig and others spin,
The hornet makes of paper thin.
Whoever guesses riddles best,
Will find that this one means a ——.

There was another riddle, which Timboo made one evening after coming up with Fanny from New York by the Hudson River train. As soon as it became dark, Fanny's attention was very much occupied in watching something which she saw in looking out at the window ; but I must not tell you what it was, for that would be telling you the riddle. The riddle was this :

FLYING ALL ABOUT.

I saw one night some very pretty things,
Flying all about without any wings ;
Without any wings they were flying all about,
And they never came in, but always went out.

Fanny liked this riddle very much, only she said that it was not quite true, for one of the sp—s did come in through a place where the window was open a little way, and it alighted on a lady's dress.

Among Timboo's other contrivances for amusing Fanny, and interesting her in writing in her magazine-book, one was to put two pictures on a page, with lines beneath them, arranged in such a manner as that part of the verse should relate to one picture, and part to another. Turn over the leaf, and you will see some examples of this.

The double picture.Verse divided.



This dog is very cold, I know ;
Please, mother, let me take him in ;
His back and tail are white with snow :



This girl is hunting for a pin.

Another double picture.Girl at play.



She studied well in study hours,
And now she's happy at her play ;
She's going to load her boat with flowers :



This child, I think, has been away.

Fanny had a good place to write.The song of Oh Tom! Tom!

Fanny wrote all these things in her book, and as the pictures were pretty, she wished to have the writing pretty too, to correspond with them. So she took a great deal of pains, though she was careful, according to Timboo's suggestion, not to take *too much* pains.

She had a very good place to write; for, when her mother found that she was really in earnest in her attempts to teach herself to write and read, and that she was making good progress, she prepared a table for her in a little back parlor where she was herself accustomed to sit and sew in the mornings. Fanny confined herself to this table every morning an hour, and every afternoon an hour. She usually wrote half an hour, and then she read aloud half an hour. She improved in her reading so fast, that before long it was a pleasure to listen to her, and Mrs. Cheveril used to arrange her engagements in such a way as almost always to be sitting in the room when the time came for Fanny to read, so that she might hear the story.

CHAPTER XXII.

OH TOM! TOM!

THE song of Timboo's which the children liked the best, after all, was called OH TOM! TOM! It was not, however, altogether a song. It consisted of successive passages of what is commonly called recitative, with a chorus to be sung at the end of each passage.

The passages of recitative were in prose, and were to be read

Mr. and Mrs. Cheveril are pleased with the song.

aloud by one of the company whenever the piece was performed, the whole company joining in the chorus. There were two choruses, in fact—one relating to a boy, and the other to a girl; and the prose passage preceding each was made to conform to these choruses in respect to the sex alluded to.

When Timboo first wrote this song, he used to perform it in the lodge, with his triplichord for the accompaniment; but after a while, Fanny, who was extremely pleased with it, invited her mother to go out one day into the lodge to hear it. Mrs. Cheveril was much pleased with it too, and as the music was very simple, she carried it, in her mind, into the house when she went in, and played it there on the piano. That evening the children gathered around the piano, and performed the piece before Mrs. Cheveril and some company that chanced to come in, and it made all the company laugh very heartily. Mark read the prose passages. It was as follows:

OH TOM! TOM!

RECITATIVE.

Tom was eight years old, and yet he had not sense enough to take care of his property. He broke his wagons overloading them, or racing hard with them over the stones. He left his sleds out in the rain. He dropped his tools among the shavings, and lost them there. He ruined his books by tumbling the leaves and soiling the pictures. He tore his clothes climbing about in places where there were nails sticking out, and he never could find his cap when he wanted to go out, because he never put it in its place when he came in.

Lucy's follies.

Tom's conduct in respect to school.

CHORUS.

Oh Tom! Tom!

What a little donkey!

One might have looked for better sense

In any common monkey.

Tom's sister Lucy was *nine* years old, and she was just the same. Her drawers were always in confusion. She left her doll and her playthings about on the floor, where they were trod upon and broken, and all the flowers in her flower-pots died because she did not water them.

CHORUS.

Oh the silly child!

What a little goosie!

How can she have so little sense,

With such a name as Lucy?

Tom hated school. He was always late in going, and he spent his time, when he got there, in idleness and play. He blotted his books, he inked his fingers, he cut his desk, and he made so many noises and played so many tricks, that his neighbors could not study. At last they turned him out of school, and so, when he grew up, he could not do any business, because he could not write his letters or make his calculations.

CHORUS.

Oh Tom! Tom!

What a little donkey!

One might have looked for better sense

In any common monkey.

Lucy was selfish and troublesome. She interrupted her father

The reason why they sent Lucy to bed so early.

when he was reading, and when her mother was perplexed and busy, she came continually to tease her for something or to ask her questions. She would insist on having whatever she took a fancy to, and would cry and make a great noise if it was refused to her. The consequence was, that nobody liked to have her near them. She was always sent to bed very early at night to get her out of the way, and whenever her mother or her sisters were going to take a pleasant ride or walk, they would never take Lucy if they could possibly avoid it.

CHORUS.

Oh the silly child!
What a little goosie!
How can she have so little sense,
With such a name as Lucy?

Tom had a jack-knife. He never put his things in their places, and so, one day, when he was cutting with his jack-knife out on the step of the door, he laid it down there and left it. In the night a shower came up and wet it, and in the morning it was rusted and spoiled.

CHORUS.

Oh Tom! Tom!
What a little donkey!
One might have looked for better sense
In any common monkey.

Lucy went to make a visit to her aunt, who lived in a beautiful house in the city. She was so troublesome to all the family, that, after two days, they made up some excuse for sending her home, and would never invite her there again.

Tom's experiment with his cannon.

Lucy on the banisters.

CHORUS.

Oh the silly child!
 What a little goosie!
 How can she have so little sense,
 With such a name as Lucy?

Tom secretly got a little cannon and some gunpowder to play with, though it was contrary to his mother's orders. He thought she would not know. He was firing his cannon one day behind the barn, when it burst, and one of the pieces of it went into his cheek. The doctor was obliged to come and cut it out.

CHORUS.

Oh Tom! Tom!
 What a little donkey!
 One might have looked for better sense
 In any common monkey.

Lucy would always slide down on the banisters when she was coming down stairs, although her mother told her it was very dangerous, and forbade her doing so. At length, one day, she lost her balance, and fell over, and broke her ankle. It was a long time in getting well, and then one limb was left shorter than the other, and so, forever after that, Lucy went lame.

CHORUS.

Oh the silly child!
 What a little goosie!
 How can she have so little sense,
 With such a name as Lucy?

Tom went down upon the pond to slide, although his father

Tom comes near being drowned.

told him that the ice was not strong enough to bear him. He broke through and fell in, and the people fished him out with a pole.



TOM IN THE ICE.

Lucy's little brother John.He manages very differently.

CHORUS.

Oh Tom! Tom!

What a little donkey!

One might have looked for better sense

In any common monkey.

Lucy has a little brother named John. He takes pains to be quiet and still when he is riding or walking with other people, so as not to be troublesome, and so they always wish to take him with them. He makes no noise in the evenings, and so they let him sit up after the other children have gone to bed. He keeps his things in their places, and so he always knows where to find them. He takes care of his playthings and tools, and so they are always whole and in good order. He studies diligently in school, and so he can read and write remarkably well. Every body likes him, and he has a very happy time.

CHORUS.

That's the sort of boy!

Cunning little ducky!

He always does what's *right* to do,

And so he's always lucky.

When the children performed this piece in the lodge, and Timboo was there to read the prose parts, it was always varied a great deal from the above, for Timboo would, in such cases, make up some new follies for Tom and Lucy, which gave great variety to the piece, and made it much more amusing. He would also generally draw these new examples from some act of folly which he had observed one of the children to perpetrate, and thus exert an influence upon their minds to cure them of their faults. For ex-

Timboo's extemporaneous additions to the song.

ample, one day Mark broke the point of a new knife boring a hole with it, and the next time the piece was performed Timboo put this into it:

RECITATIVE.

Tom had not sense enough to know a knife from a gimlet. He had a nice new knife one day, and he undertook to bore a hole through a board with the little blade. Of course, he broke the point off.

CHORUS.

Oh Tom! Tom!
What a little donkey!
One might have looked for better sense
In any common monkey.

The children liked the performance much better when Timboo introduced new and original sentences of his own in this way for the recitative part. They always, in such cases, listened with great interest while he was speaking, and they knew when it was time for them to begin to sing by his coming to the end of his sentence, and saying CHORUS.

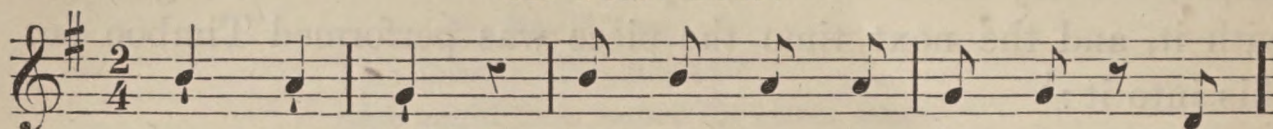
As it is possible that some of the readers of this book may wish to perform this piece among themselves some evening, which they can easily do if they have a sister who plays upon the piano-forte, and if they have been kind and attentive to her, so that she is willing to take some trouble to amuse them, I give, on the following page, the tune that Timboo taught the children to sing to it. You can sing the chorus to this tune, or you can make up a new one for it, just which you please.

The music of Oh Tom! Tom!

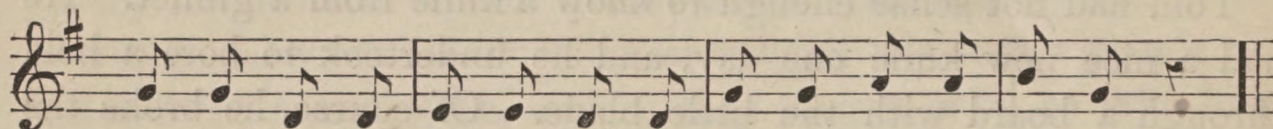
The sewing-party.

Another song.

OH TOM! TOM!



Oh Tom! Tom! What a lit - tle don - key! One
 Ah the silly child! What a lit - tle goos - ie! How



might have looked for bet - ter sense In an - y com - mon mon - key.
 can she have so lit - tle sense, With such a name as Lu - cy?

I would also advise you to get some one to write you a new set of prose sentences, so as to vary the piece, and make it more amusing in the performance.

Timboo wrote an entirely new set of sentences for this song to amuse a little sewing-party which met one afternoon at Mr. Cheveril's. It was a party of girls that were learning to sew, and they formed a plan of meeting one afternoon a week at different houses for sewing. When they met at Mr. Cheveril's, they sat on chairs, and benches, and other seats out on the piazza. The plan was to sew an hour, and then to play two hours, and then go home. Besides teaching them to sing OH TOM! TOM! Timboo made up a new song for them, and taught them to sing it. And they did sing it a great many times as they sat together at their work under the piazza. It was this:

THE SEWING SONG.

Nimble, nimble,
 Thread and thimble,

The Sewing Song.

How the tune to it was made.

Work away, work away.
Time for working,
Not for talking,
Nor for play, nor for play.

If the stitches,
Little witches,
Come uneven, pull them out ;
Double, double,
Toil and trouble,
We must mind what we're about.

N-double-e-dle,
Where's my needle ?
I have lost it twice before ;
Never mind it,
I can find it,
Looking all about the floor.

Nimble, nimble,
Thread and thimble,
Time for work and not for play.
Keep the sewing
All a going
Till we put the work away.

The tune to which this Sewing Song was sung was not made by Timboo, but by one of the girls that belonged to the sewing-party. She was about ten years old, and her name was Laura. Fanny asked Timboo to make a tune for the song at the time when he made the words, but he said it would be great presumption in him to attempt to make a tune for young ladies whose musical powers were so much greater in all respects than his own. So Laura made the tune, standing before the piano, and accom-

Marielle.

Walking in the garden.

Josey.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PLAYING IN THE GARDEN.

ONE afternoon in the fall of the year, a girl named Marielle, who lived at a little distance up the river from Mrs. Cheveril's, came to make Fanny a visit. She brought her little brother Josey with her, who was about five years old; also her dog Juno.

There had been several frosty nights at that time, and the leaves of the trees had turned yellow and brown; in fact, a great many of them had fallen off, and others were falling. Marielle and Fanny thought that they would go out into the garden, and see if there were any flower-seeds there that had not been gathered. So they went out there, and walked about for some time in a very pleasant manner.

At length, as they were going along one of the walks, they met Josey coming. He was amusing himself in drawing a little cart which he had found. He was drawing it along the alley. The cart was empty. Josey did not know what to put in it for load.

"Ah! Josey," said Fanny, "is this you? Come back into the garden with your cart, and we will give you some flower-seeds to haul."

"Well," said Josey.

So he turned round and ran back into the garden after Marielle and Fanny, the wheels of his cart rattling as he went over the hard gravel walk.

The bower at the end of the garden.

The steps there.

Uses of them.

Fanny's flowers were in a corner of the garden, in a square bed, with a garden fence on two sides, and a little bower upon the other. There were seats in the bower, and, besides that, there was a seat at the end of one of the walks, by the side of the bed. This last seat was made on purpose for the children to sit upon, and they called it the low seat. Close behind was another seat, considerably higher, which answered for a sort of table when the children were seated on the low seat in front; for although, when they were on the low seat, the high one was behind them, yet, by turning partly round, they could use it for a table pretty well. Sometimes they sat upon the high seat and put their feet upon the low one. They could also walk up the seats as if they were steps, and then, standing upon the highest one, they could look over the fence and see what might be going on in the fields or on the river, or to observe what was passing along a certain road which was visible at a little distance. So this was a very convenient structure for them. It answered the purposes of a seat, a ladder, and an observatory.

Indeed, this seat was a very favorite place of resort for the children. In the summer they gathered flowers in the garden and made bouquets of them on this table, and in the fall of the year they assorted their seeds upon it. Often, too, when it was warm and pleasant, they brought their suppers out here.

The children all went on till they came to this part of the garden. Josey took his place upon the low seat, and there he sat, singing a song, while Marielle and Fanny climbed up to the upper seat, in order to look over the fence and see the prospect.

View from the steps.

Juno.

The children look for flower-seeds.

They saw the river, with many sloops and boats sailing upon the water, and the Highlands in the distance, shutting in the view.

Nearer was the road, with a lady and gentleman walking along in it. The lady held a parasol in her hand, and a little dog was walking by her side.

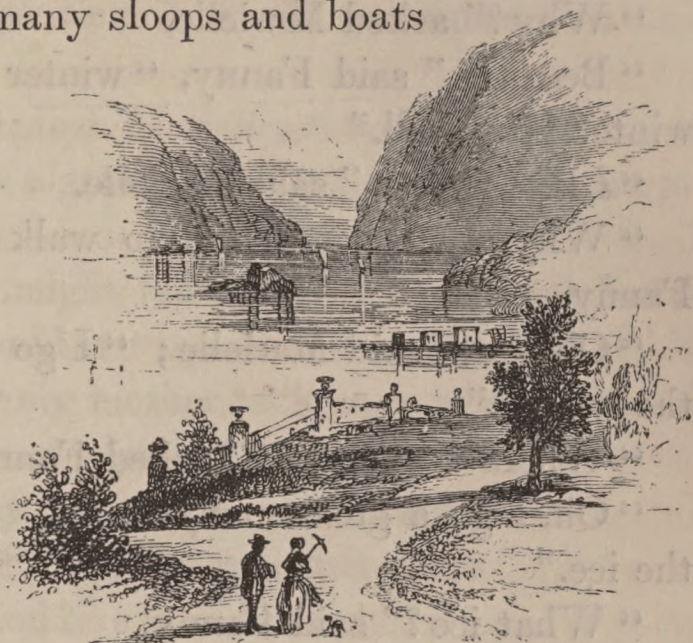
"I wonder if that dog is not Juno?" said Marielle.

"No, that is not Juno," replied Fanny. "Juno is somewhere about here in the garden, you may depend."

A little beyond the place where these people were walking, the road divided itself into two branches. One of these branches turned to the left, and seemed to lead down to some landing on the shore of the river.

After looking at this pretty view a little while, Marielle and Fanny climbed down again from the seats, and began to look in Fanny's garden to see if they could find any flower-seeds that had not been gathered. They found a few of two or three different kinds. They brought these along very carefully to the little table behind the seat where Josey was sitting. Here they rubbed them out of the receptacles in which they grew, and put them in papers.

"I am sorry the summer is going away," said Fanny.



VIEW OF THE RIVER.

Conversation between Fanny and Marielle.The pond and the boat.

"Why?" asked Marielle.

"Because," said Fanny, "winter comes next, and I don't like winter very well."

"I like winter," said Marielle.

"Why, we can't go out to walk and play in winter," replied Fanny.

"Oh yes," said Marielle; "I go and take walks very often in the winter."

"Where do you go?" asked Fanny.

"Oh, I go a great many ways. Sometimes I go and slide on the ice."

"What ice?" said Fanny.

"Why, there is a long pond down below our garden, and I go and slide upon it."

"Ain't you afraid that you will break the ice and fall in?" asked Fanny.

"No," said Marielle; "I can tell when it is strong enough. Besides, the water is not very deep."

"How do you know?" asked Fanny.

"Why, I can see the bottom all over it when I am sailing in the boat," replied Marielle.

"Is there a boat on the pond?" asked Fanny.

"Yes," said Marielle; "a small boat, but it is a very safe boat. It can't upset."

"Why not?" said Fanny.

"Why, my mother told Parker to get one made so that a child could not upset it, and he did."

Marielle gives an account how the pond was made.

“How did they make it so that it would not upset?” asked Fanny.

“Very broad and flat,” replied Marielle, “and the bottom is very thick and heavy. It is a good, safe boat, so that we can go and sail in it alone.”

“But I should think you might fall out of it sometimes,” said Fanny, “even if the boat would not upset, and so get drowned.”

“No,” replied Marielle; “my mother took care, when the pond was made, not to have any deep places.”

“Made!” exclaimed Fanny; “was the pond made?”

“Yes,” replied Marielle; “my mother had it made.”

“How can you make a pond?” asked Fanny.

“Why, there was a brook there before,” replied Marielle, “but no pond; and there was a large level place on each side of the brook, where the land was not much higher than the water. So they took off the grass, and leveled the ground all over, and covered it with sand, and then they built a little dam below, and stopped the water, and that made it rise a little over the level place, so as to form a pond.”

“I should like to go and sail on the pond with you some day,” said Fanny.

“Well,” replied Marielle, “the next time you come to see me, we will go down and have a sail there. My mother allows me to go whenever I please.”

Soon after this, the children, not having any very great luck in finding seeds, concluded to go off to another part of the garden, where Mark was at work taking up flowers from the ground and

The children in the garden.

Flowers.

The dial.

The gnomon.

putting them in flower-pots for the winter. Josey, however, stayed behind, playing with his cart.

When Marielle and Fanny came to the place where Mark was at work, they began to help him by watering the flowers that he had planted in the pots. Mark was much pleased to receive this assistance.



THE FLOWERS.

At a distance, in the picture, you see two other young ladies walking in the garden, near a place where there is a dial. A dial shows what time it is by means of a shadow.

The three-cornered brass plate which always forms the top of a dial is called the *gnomon*. This gnomon is always so shaped and so placed that the upper slanting edge of it shall point to the north

Construction of the gnomon.

An excursion.

Dolphin accompanies the children.

star. It is only in that way that the shadow of it will give the correct time by the sun.

It follows from this that the same dial will not answer for all places, for the farther north we go, the higher the north star appears; and, of course, the gnomon must vary in shape in different places, so as to have its edge point right.

If, therefore, a gentleman wishes to order a dial made for his garden, the instrument-maker must know what the latitude of the place is, in order to give the gnomon the right form. For the same reason, it is never safe to purchase a dial ready made, unless you first ascertain that the place which it was made for is in the same latitude with the place where you live.

The dog that you see on the left, in the picture, is Juno.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SAFE NAVIGATION.

THE arrangement which Fanny had made with Marielle to go with her and sail in her boat was soon carried into effect, for she went to see Marielle a few days after this, taking Mark with her.

When Dolphin saw Mark and Fanny going out of the gate, he concluded, after a moment's reflection, that they were probably going to some pleasant place, judging, I suppose, from their happy looks, and he determined to go too. Mark sternly ordered him to go back, but he paid no heed to the order; so Mark gave up, and let him go on.

On their way to Marielle's they passed an oak-tree that was

Mark and Fanny see a squirrel.Mark drives Dolphin away.

growing by the road-side, and Dolphin, when he came opposite to the tree, stopped and began to bark. The children looked up to know what he was barking at, and there they saw a pretty little squirrel on a limb of the tree. His business up there was gathering acorns for his winter store.

When Mark and Fanny saw the squirrel, he was standing on a limb, looking very much frightened.



THE SQUIRREL.

Mark immediately got a stick and drove Dolphin away.

“Go off!” said he, “and let the squirrel alone.”

Pretty soon they saw a robin high up in a tree. The robin was singing quite merrily. Fanny immediately began to say,

“Pretty little robin, singing in the tree,
Please come a little nearer, and sing a song to me.”

Autumnal appearance of the garden.The rosy apples.

This was something that Timboo had taught her to say when she heard a robin singing.

When the party at length arrived at Marielle's house, Marielle received them very joyfully, and they all went down together to see the pond. They first went into the garden behind the house, which was large, and beautifully laid out with many walks, and beds of flowers, and fruit-trees. The glory of the garden, however, for the season, was almost gone. The flowers had nearly all disappeared, except a few of gorgeous colors which blossomed late in the autumn. The leaves, too, had fallen from most of the trees, and lay upon the beds and along the walks, wherever they had been blown by the wind. The fruit had generally been gathered, though there was one apple-tree with a number of rosy apples upon it, which Marielle said were good. They each of them ate one of the apples, standing under the tree, and then they gathered several more to carry down with them to the boat. They said that they would have them for cargo. Marielle said that her mother would let them have as many as they wished for. Presently they left the apple-tree, and went down one of the walks toward a gate which led into a little field below the garden. The brook and the pond were in this field, at a short distance from the gate, and beyond the pond there was a high hill covered with trees, which shut in the prospect on that side, and made the place look retired and sheltered. The foliage of this forest was of autumnal color, so far as it remained upon the trees. Many of the leaves had fallen, and were lying upon the grass or floating on the margin of the water.

Miss Anne comes into the garden.They all embark in the boat.

As soon as the children had passed through the gate, Marielle ran down a winding walk among some trees, which led toward a little cove on the shore of the pond where the boat was kept. Fanny and Mark followed her. They had not gone many steps, however, before they were stopped by a voice behind them, which was calling them. They stopped, and turned around to see who it was, and found that it was Miss Anne.

Miss Anne was Marielle's Sunday-school teacher, and she had come to make her pupil a little morning visit.

"Where are you going, children?" asked Miss Anne.

"We are going to take a sail in the boat," replied Marielle. "Come with us."

"Oh no," said Miss Anne, "you must not get into the boat."

"Yes, Miss Anne," said Marielle, "there is no danger. Mother always allows us to get into the boat whenever we please."

Miss Anne, on hearing this, walked along with Marielle and Fanny until they came to the margin of the pond. Dolphin came after them. Marielle advanced boldly toward the boat, while Miss Anne followed in a timid and cautious manner, saying, "Take care! take care!"

There was a chain and a hook by which the boat was fastened to a little post. The post was upon the outer edge of a platform built at the edge of the water. The platform was to stand upon in getting into the boat. Marielle drew the boat up to the edge of the platform, holding the chain in her hand. Then she tossed the chain into the boat and stepped in herself. The boat began at once to float away from the wharf.

Marielle gets adrift.She proves to be quite a navigator.

“Oh Marielle! Marielle!” said Fanny, “you are sailing away!”

Marielle sat down on a seat and smiled. She seemed entirely at her ease and unconcerned. Fanny was quite alarmed. Miss Anne appeared surprised, but both perceived that Marielle was accustomed to being in the boat, and that probably there was no danger.

A moment afterward Marielle took up a slender pole which was lying in the bottom of the boat, and put one end of it down into the water. By means of the pole she pushed the boat back very easily toward the wharf, and then, by putting her pole in, first on one side and then on the other, she brought it up by the side of the wharf, so that Miss Anne and Fanny could step in very easily. She performed this evolution quite dexterously.

Fanny got in first. She stepped from the wharf upon the edge of the boat in getting in, which made the edge of the boat which was toward the wharf sink down into the water so far that Fanny thought it was tipping over, and she uttered a faint scream. Marielle laughed.

“I’m afraid to get in,” said Miss Anne.

“Oh, Miss Anne,” said Marielle, “you need not be afraid; there is no danger. We only tipped down a little because Fanny stepped upon the edge of the boat. She ought to have stepped over into the middle of it.”

“Why?” said Fanny.

“Because,” replied Marielle, “if you step upon one side of the boat, your whole weight comes upon that side, and that makes one side sink down into the water; but if you step into the mid-

The proper way to get into a boat.Marielle's experiments.

dle of it, it presses the whole boat down together, and that keeps it steady."

"How do you know that?" asked Fanny.

"Parker told me so," said Marielle. "He said that the art of keeping a boat steady in the water was always to step in the middle of it. I'll show you."

So Marielle rose from her seat and walked along the boat from stem to stern, taking care to keep as near the central line as possible as she walked. The boat was very steady all the time.

"Now," said Marielle, "I'll show you how to walk to make it unsteady."

So she walked back again, only this time she planted her foot first on one side and then on the other. This made the boat rock violently to and fro, for every step pressed one side or the other of the boat deep into the water. Fanny was frightened, and begged her not to do so. Dolphin began to bark.

"Why, there is no danger," said Marielle; "the boat won't upset if I stand on the edge of it as long as I please."

So saying, Marielle stepped up upon the side of the boat which was next the wharf, and supported herself with her pole as with a staff. The boat careened—that is, it sank down on one side—but not enough to admit any water. Fanny was a little frightened, but in a moment she perceived that it became steady in its position, though one side was very much lower than the other.

"Mother had the boat made so on purpose," said Marielle, "so that we children can't upset it. Parker says that two or three children couldn't upset it if they were to try. But we generally

Dolphin feels very uneasy.

He concludes to go with the boat.

try to step into the middle of it, not for safety, but because it is pleasant to have the boat steady."

Then Marielle and Fanny took their seats, and Miss Anne stepped carefully over the side of the boat, planting her foot, in doing so, as nearly as possible upon the middle of the plank at the bottom of the boat. When she had taken her seat, Marielle put her pole into the water, and began to push the boat out upon the pond.

Dolphin felt quite uneasy at seeing that the boat was going away. He ran back and forth upon the bank, barking, and, if he could have spoken, I have no doubt that he would have begged the children not to go out upon the water.

"Don't be afraid, Dolphin," said Fanny. "There's no danger."

When Dolphin found that they would go, he determined to go with them, so as to be ready to rescue them from the water in case the boat should get upset. So he began to wade out into the pond, and as the water was nowhere deep, he found that he could accompany the boat all about the pond. So, wherever the boat went, Dolphin went too, wading along by the side of it as Fanny poled it through the water.*

"What do you suppose makes him go with us so?" asked Fanny. "Do you suppose he thinks he is taking care of us?"

"Yes," said Marielle. "He *is* taking care of us. If any accident were to happen to us, he could help us very much. He knows this, and so he keeps near us."

Pretty soon after this, Fanny began to amuse herself by taking a little stick which she found in the bottom of the boat, and throw-

* See Frontispiece.

Fanny asks why Dolphin does not laugh.Virginia's school.

ing it out upon the water, in order that Dolphin might go and fetch it back again. Dolphin would come with the stick when he had got it, and bring it to the side of the boat, and hold it out for Fanny to take it from his mouth.

“What does he do this for?” said Fanny. “Do you suppose he thinks it does any good to bring this stick to me?”

“No,” said Miss Anne. “I suppose he knows it is play.”

“Then why does not he laugh?” asked Fanny.

“I am sure I don’t know,” said Miss Anne. “Many animals understand playing, but I believe none ever laugh.”

“I wish Dolphin would laugh,” said Fanny; “there would be a great deal more fun in his playing, if he would.”

All this time, Mark, who had gone away some time before, was rambling about among the shrubbery on the bank. He saw a squirrel there, and he was trying to find his hole.

CHAPTER XXV.

VIRGINIA'S SCHOOL.

I DO not think it is at all surprising, as I have already said, that Fanny Cheveril did not like to go to school, for the arrangements usually made in schools for children as young as she are such that the little scholars have a very dull time in them. It is not so, however, in all schools. In many, the teachers adopt such plans as to interest all their scholars in learning very much, even the youngest of them.

Virginia's plans for teaching.

The little scholars.

The medal.

This was particularly true of the school of Miss Virginia Jepson, whose history is related in full in the Story Book called VIRGINIA. I promised in that story to give some account of her school, and of the methods which she adopted to interest her scholars in their studies, and this will be a good place to do it.

“Now,” said Virginia to herself, as she walked along toward the school-house the morning that her school was going to begin, “the main thing I have to do is to see how fast I can teach the small scholars to read, and the larger ones to write and spell.”

Accordingly, her first object in making the arrangements for her school was to secure those two points. She contrived such plans as should keep the scholars employed in reading and writing as much of the time as possible. She formed all the children that did not know their letters into a class, and taught them together, by printing the letters large on a slate, and then holding the slate up where all could see. These little scholars, who, not being old enough to read, were of course unable to study any lessons, she saw plainly it was useless to confine to their seats while they were not learning their letters, so she used to let them go out to play when they were not thus employed, though she sent for them to come in every hour, to say them either to her or to one of the older scholars. She told them, too, that as soon as any of them would learn six letters, she would give them a medal.

The children did not know what a medal was, but they inferred, from the manner in which the teacher and some of the older scholars spoke of it, that it was something good, and so they were all very eager to learn six letters. The first one that succeeded was

How Virginia made the six-letter medal.The ten-letter medal.

a boy named Willie, and at the close of the school that day Virginia gave him his medal. It was made of a piece of white paste-board, with a pretty border all around it, that Virginia had drawn upon it with her pen, and the six letters that Willie had learned printed neatly in the middle. The medal was hung to Willie's neck by means of a blue ribbon.

Willie went home very proud and happy, and his parents, when they saw the medal, and found that Willie really knew the six letters which were printed on it, were very much pleased, and said that they were convinced that Miss Jepson would prove an excellent teacher. Willie went about all over the house that evening, showing his medal, and telling people the names of the letters. This fixed them very indelibly in his mind. The influence of the medal, too, was very powerful upon the other children in the class. They were all much interested in examining it when it was put upon Willie's neck, and they all came to school the next day eager to learn six letters themselves, so that they could have a medal too.

"And if I will learn six letters more," said Willie, "may I have another medal?"

"Oh no," said Virginia; "it will be nothing now for you to learn six letters more. The difficulty always is in beginning. After boys have learned six letters, they are so far advanced in their studies that they can go on a great deal easier and faster; so you must learn ten letters more before you get another medal. That will be a ten-letter medal, and it will be better than the first, which is only a six-letter medal. I shall have a *green* ribbon for

Interest of the scholars.

Willie's fall.

The stone.

the ten-letter medals, and I must go and buy some ribbon very soon, for you will learn the ten letters, I expect, in a very few days."

By these and similar contrivances, Virginia awakened a great degree of enthusiasm among her pupils for learning to read, and also for learning to write, and for making improvement in all the other studies which the different classes pursued.

For amusement in the recess, Virginia contrived to interest the boys in improving the grounds about the school-house. The building was situated in a very pleasant place, at a corner where four roads met; but the plot of ground where it stood was bare and uneven, and here and there, all over the surface of it, the tops of stones were to be seen protruding from the ground. One day, while the boys were playing before the school-house, little Willie fell down against one of these stones and hurt his head. He came in crying. Virginia endeavored to comfort and quiet him, and she told him that as soon as the place had done aching, she would go out with him and order the stone that had hurt him to go off out of the yard. Willie's curiosity and wonder were greatly excited at the idea of sending a stone away, as if it had been a bad boy or a dog, and he soon said he was ready. So Virginia, taking Willie by the hand, and followed by the other children, went out into the yard.

"Now show me the old fellow," said Virginia.

So Willie led her to the place where he had been hurt, and showed her the stone.

"What's your name?" said Virginia, pretending to address the stone.

Virginia's conversation with Hardhead.

Digging him out.

Then speaking in a disguised voice, she answered in behalf of the stone, "Hardhead."

"Ah! he says his name is Hardhead," added Virginia, speaking to the other children.

"How came you here?" said Virginia again, looking down to the stone.

"I belong here," said the stone. "I've always been here."

"Then I think," said Virginia, in her own tone of voice, "that you have been here long enough, and I don't choose to have you stay here any longer to hurt my scholars when they happen to fall down in their play. You will please to go off."

Virginia paused as if waiting for an answer.

"He won't go," said Virginia, turning to the children. "We must see if we can't make him. Are there any boys here that are big enough to dig?"

"Yes, Miss Jepson, *I* am! *I* am! *I* am!" exclaimed a great many boys.

At the same instant, one of the largest boys ran off to a little shed that was attached to the school-house, in the rear, to get the shovel. This shovel was one that was kept at the school-house for the purpose of shoveling the paths in the winter season.

The boys, when the tool came, engaged with great zeal in the work of digging around the stone. At first there was some little difficulty, arising from the circumstance that all the boys wished to dig at the same time, and there was but one shovel. Virginia, however, settled this question by arranging so as to have the boys work in turn, each one throwing out four shovelful of earth, and

How the scholars improved the school-yard.

then giving up the tool to the next boy. In a short time the stone was so far disinterred, that, by means of two stakes, which two of the boys brought from a fence near by, and used as levers, it was pried out entirely, and then rolled away.

The children were all very much pleased at having thus successfully accomplished their object, and they asked Miss Jepson to allow them to dig out another stone.

"No," said Virginia, "not to-day. We'll try another one to-morrow."

Virginia was afraid that if the children worked too long the first day, they would get tired; whereas her plan was to have them persevere, and take out one stone every day, until the yard was entirely cleared. The plan succeeded very well. The third day, one of the boys who lived near brought another shovel, and after that they got out two stones every recess, and thus, in less than a week from the time that the work was begun, not a stone was to be seen.

After this, the boys, pleased with seeing how much they accomplished, undertook the task of leveling the ground. They *picked* all the little banks, and hard, uneven places, with a small pickaxe which one of the boys brought, and then shoveled off the loosened earth into the places where the stones had been taken out, and into the other holes and hollows which they found about the ground. Thus the whole surface was made very smooth and level. Then, to make the grass grow on the bare spots, they sowed chaff and hay-seed, which they got on a barn floor belonging to a farmer near by.

The shower.

The growing grass.

Planting trees.

“Now,” said Virginia to the children, when they had finished the sowing, “now let us all wish for a rainy day.”

“What for?” said the children.

“So that the rain may water our seeds and make the grass come up,” replied Virginia.

A shower came up in the night and watered the seeds, and in a week or two the grass began to show itself a little above the ground. Besides the seeds which the children had sowed, the ground, in all the bare places, was full of the roots of the old grass, and these roots sprouted again after the shower, and grass grew up from them anew, which helped a great deal. The children gathered around these places, and looked upon the millions of little green blades that were coming up so thick all over the ground, and clapped their hands with excitement and delight.

Some of the older boys of the district—boys of seventeen and eighteen years of age—seeing what improvements the children were making in the school-house yard, came one day and told Virginia that they should be glad to help in the work, and they asked her if she would not like to have some trees planted. She said she should like it very much. So they came one Saturday afternoon, and dug up a wide border on each side of the play-ground—one border on the north side, and one on the south side—and then they went into the woods near by, and got a great number of small trees, from six feet high downward. These trees they set out in the two borders, placing them quite close together, so as to make a little wood, as it were. Thus the trees formed a sort of fringe; and as the boys extended their plantation round on the front side of the

The grove around the school-house.Deciduous trees and evergreens.

play-ground, toward the road, leaving only an opening wide enough for a horse and wagon to come in in the summer, and an ox sled, or a horse and sleigh, in the winter, the play-ground was almost entirely inclosed in pretty shrubbery. These trees were partly evergreen and partly deciduous,* and thus the foliage presented a very agreeable variety.

The trees in front, between the play-ground and the road, were not planted very thick, because the boys knew that the children liked to see what was passing in the road when they were sitting on the school-house steps in the recess, or playing on the green.

They were, however, planted very thick on the two sides of the play-ground, on the north to shelter the children from the wind when it was cold, and on the south to shelter them from the sun when it was hot.

Virginia took great care that the work of making these improvements, and the interest which the children felt in them, should not interfere with their progress in their studies. The work on the grounds was prosecuted by slow degrees, in recesses and in times of leisure, so as not to interfere with the studies at all. Thus every thing went on well in respect to Virginia's school, both within and without, and when the term expired, the people of the district were so much pleased with the progress which their children had made, that, in addition to the twenty dollars a month which

* Trees, the leaves of which fall off in winter, so as to leave the branches bare, are called *deciduous*, in contrast with trees that preserve their foliage all the year round. These last are called *evergreen*. Thus the oak, the maple, the birch, are deciduous; the pine, the hemlock, and the fir are evergreen.


Virginia's presents.Conclusion of the story of Timboo and Fanny.

they had engaged to pay her as her regular wages, they united together, and made her a present of a very pretty silver pencil-case, with her name engraved upon the side of it, as a special token of their satisfaction. It would be difficult to say which gave Virginia the greatest pleasure, the six ten-dollar bills which the treasurer paid her in settling the account, or the pencil-case. At any rate, they both pleased her very much indeed.

But to return to Timboo. He lived a long time at Mr. Cheveril's, and he continued to assist Fanny in her studies for several years, for he studied on himself faster than she did, and so he kept in advance of her in all branches of learning. What finally became of him I never knew.

And this is the end of the story of Timboo.

THE END.



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